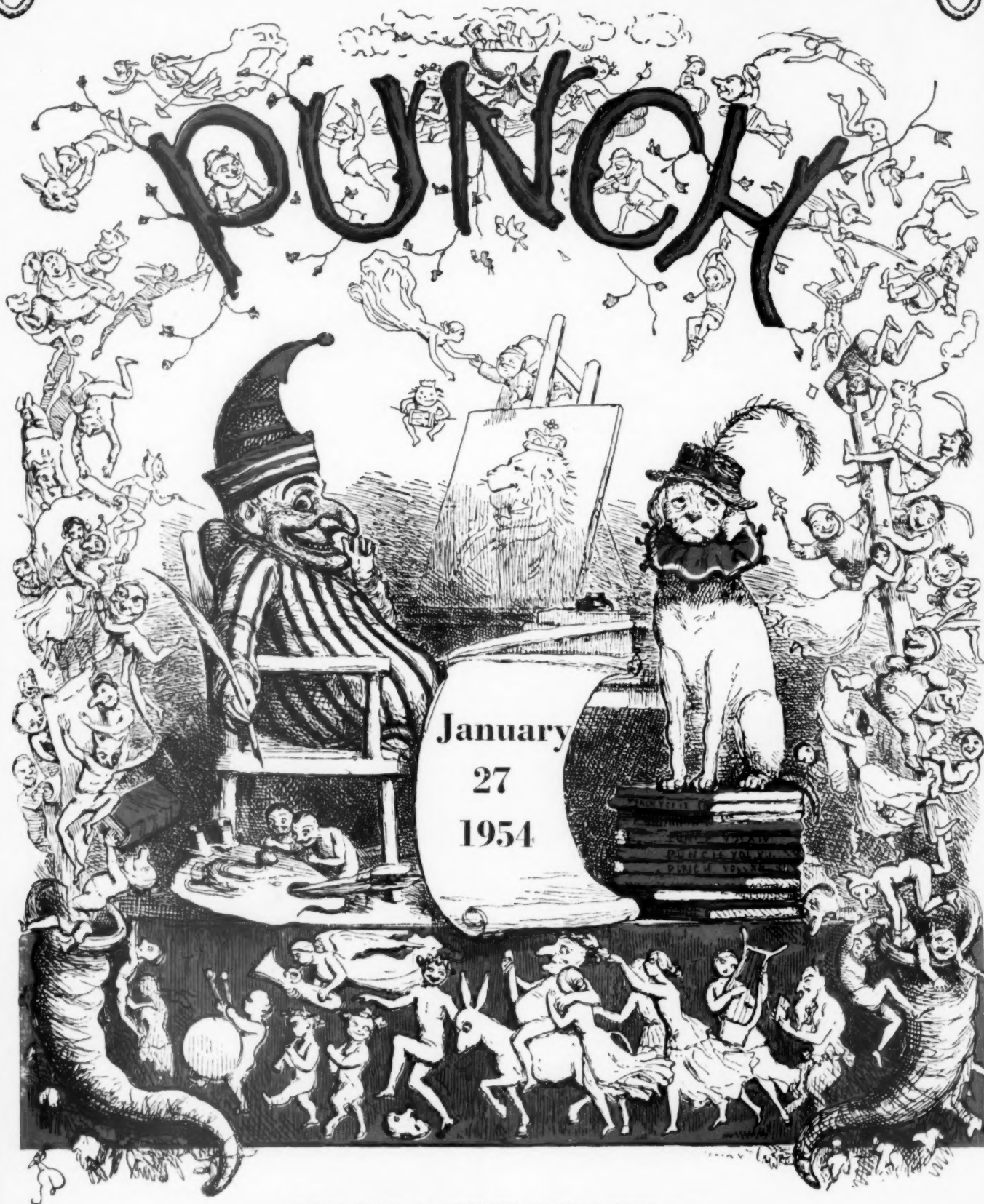


6<sup>d</sup>

PUNCH or The London Charivari—January 27 1954

6<sup>d</sup>

PUNCH OFFICE 10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E. C. 4

OFFICE  
RECEPTION




"We had the same sort of trouble  
at the Splendiferous until we installed  
Mazda lamps and lighting equipment"

\* \* \*

Foul fiends may roam when lights are dim  
It pays to make your lighting stronger  
The head man groans—it's plain to him  
That Mazda lamps stay brighter longer

**Mazda**



44472a

THE BRITISH THOMSON-HOUSTON CO. LTD. (Member of the A.E.I. Group of Companies)

## U.S.A. specify Leyland DIESEL UNITS

Once again British-built graders with Leyland Industrial engines have been specified by the U.S. Government. The Galion road graders, as illustrated, are to be used on airfield and road construction in India, whilst Leyland-powered Carlisle graders have been ordered for the Indian Hirakud Dam project.

Spares and service obtainable throughout the world.



LEYLAND MOTORS LTD. LEYLAND · LANCs · ENGLAND  
London Office & Export Division: HANOVER HOUSE, HANOVER SQ., LONDON, W.1



—that the famous Savoy Court and Restaurant entrance is  
faced and decorated with "Staybrite" steel.

Every street in London these days has a "Staybrite" steel shop-  
front or "Staybrite" steel road-studs, and most homes have this  
wonder metal either in the kitchen or on the table . . .

Solidly rustless through and through . . .

**'Staybrite'**  
Steel

FIRTH-VICKERS STAINLESS STEELS LTD. SHEFFIELD  
Telephone No: Sheffield 42051

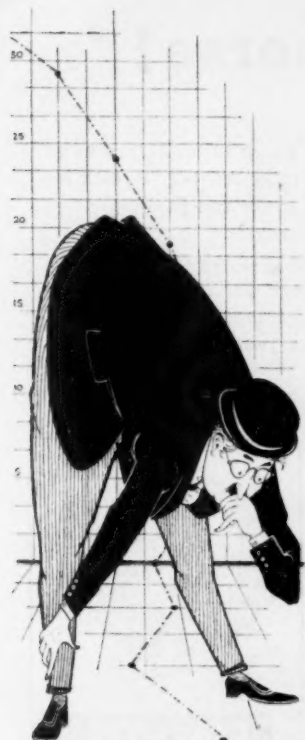
**Godiva**  
TRAILER PUMPS



Godiva, the fire-fighting equipment  
that so rapidly earned a nation-wide  
reputation for efficiency, owes its  
success to the policy of continued  
specialization and development by

**Coventry Climax**  
ENGINES LTD. COVENTRY

BACKED BY  
50 YEARS  
OF ENGINE  
BUILDING



# QUIZ

**FOR BUSINESS MEN  
WITH LOW E.Q.'S \*  
IN THEIR OFFICES**

\* Efficiency quotients

THESE QUESTIONS are intended for those who "haven't had any time off for months," those who "leave all the figures to the accountant," and those who think the only sort of machine to have in the office is "dear old Miss Dilworthy."

1 Do you get facts and figures on the health and strength of your business:—  
(1) weeks late? (2) months late? (3) when the Official Receiver is called in?

Hint 1: If it would help to have a day-by-day analysis, there are machines to provide it.

2 Here are three accounting operations on which your office believes it works as fast as it can:—Payroll, Stock Records, Sales Ledger. Which of the following result from delays on which operation?

- (a) Your capital tied up in things neither you nor anybody wants.
- (b) A thumping weekly bill for overtime work in the office.
- (c) Credit being given where credit isn't due (or wise).

Hint 2: Any of these can be cured by a Burroughs accounting machine known as the "Sensimatic."

3 When somebody mentions "record-control" or "document-storage" what do you think of:—(1) those three rooms full of paper nobody can get into? (2) Miss Dilworthy's head? (3) Wouldn't it be wonderful to have a fire?

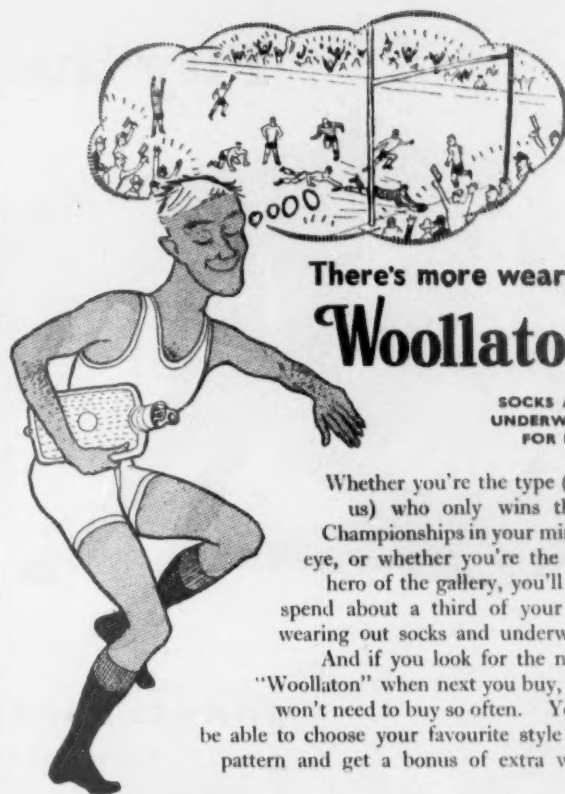
Hint 3: Microfilming your records can save over 99% of document-storage space.

## Satisfied with your showing?

If you had to tick any of the indicated answers to the questions above, it would pay you to get in touch with Burroughs. It's been their business, for over 60 years, to provide the right answers to every kind, shape and size of figuring problem—backing their advice with machines (from the world's broadest range) designed specifically for your business. A desk-by-desk analysis of productivity in your office by Burroughs experts will cost you nothing. Call Burroughs today. Burroughs Adding Machine Limited, Avon House, 356-366 Oxford St., London, W.1. Sales and Service Offices in principal cities.

FOR THE RIGHT ANSWERS CALL IN

**Burroughs**



There's more wear in  
**Woollaton**

SOCKS AND  
UNDERWEAR  
FOR MEN

Whether you're the type (like us) who only wins those Championships in your mind's eye, or whether you're the real hero of the gallery, you'll still spend about a third of your life wearing out socks and underwear.

And if you look for the name "Woollaton" when next you buy, you won't need to buy so often. You'll be able to choose your favourite style and pattern and get a bonus of extra wear.

WILLIAM GIBSON & SON LTD., THURLAND ST., NOTTINGHAM. EST. 1779. (Wholesale only)



*The King  
of Whiskies*



(REGISTERED TRADE MARK)

**SANDEMAN**

**SCOTCH**

**WHISKY**

Blended in Edinburgh from specially selected fine whiskies under the same family proprietorship since 1790.

**SANDEMAN & SONS, LTD.**  
25 & 27 Forth Street,  
EDINBURGH

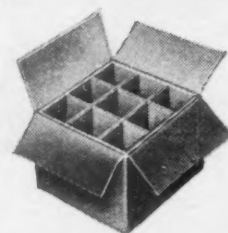
## Pity the poor pack-horse!



He's fast going out of date. And so are pack-horse methods of packaging. In this jet age, the need is for materials and packing cases designed for safe, speedy travel.

This is where "Fiberite" Packing Cases show to advantage. With forty-five years of experience and improvements behind them, "Fiberite" cases are the answer to most problems of efficient, economic packaging.

Just tell us what your product is, where it is going, how it is going to get there. We will provide the same expert service for your goods that we already provide for so many British products.



**"FIBERITE"**  
PACKING CASES

### THAMES BOARD MILLS LIMITED

Purfleet, Essex and Warrington, Lancs

Manufacturers of: "THAMES BOARD" for cartons and box making; "FIBERITE" Packing Cases in solid and corrugated board; "ESSEX" Wallboard

98 4-1778-75

THE  
LATEST



WITH 'LUVEXE' COLLARS  
Luvisca collar-attached shirts are made with 'Luvexe' semi-stiff collars — perfect appearance, perfect comfort.

This isn't just another collar-attached shirt — this shirt is tailored by Luvisca Ltd. It's the perfect shirt—for work or play: comfortable, amply cut in coat style, with reinforced single cuffs...good-looking, hard-wearing. It's made from a Courtaulds' fabric, of course.

Choose from a wide range of colours—in a variety of patterned weaves.



LOOK FOR LUVISCA AT ALL GOOD OUTFITTERS

Luvisca Limited, Exeter.

### AMUSANT LES PETITS

AMUSING THE LITTLE ONES



Patience, mes enfants

PATIENCE, MY

infatigables! Ayant remué mes

TIRELESS CHILDREN: HAVING WAGGLED MY

oreilles et ayant imité un

EARS AND IMITATED A

phoque savant pendant deux

PERFORMING SEAL FOR TWO

heures, j'ai grand besoin de

HOURS, I HAVE MUCH NEED OF

repos. Apportez-moi un verre

REST. BRING ME A GLASS

de Dubonnet. Il a certaines

OF DUBONNET. IT HAS CERTAIN

puissances magiques qui en ce

MAGICAL POWERS WHICH AT THIS

moment sont indispensables!

MOMENT ARE INDISPENSABLE!

In moments of stress Dubonnet has a tranquillising influence; at times of celebration it gets the party going with commendable speed. At no time does it affect the liver. Get a bottle of Dubonnet from your wine merchant today. The price is 20/- and the bottle large.

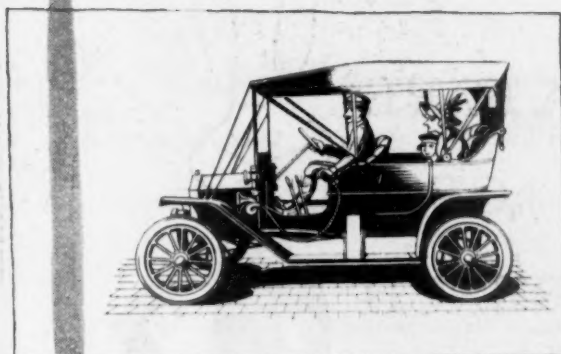
**DUBONNET**

does not affect the liver

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: L. ROSE & CO. LTD., ST. ALBANS HERTS



## **Advertising and the Inventors' Club**



For many years the horseless carriage was confined to wealthy eccentrics and serviced by blacksmiths.

Only mass production following on a gradual mass demand made possible the lower prices which brought motoring to the millions.

The shortest bridge between invention and big-scale demand for the product is advertising. Without advertising, production increases very slowly and many inventions would probably not be developed at all.

Advertising is rarely an uncompensated extra cost which raises the price of goods. On the contrary advertising, by creating popular demand, makes possible the big-scale production which brings prices down.

Issued by the  
Daily Express  
in the interests of  
British Industry

## **Advertising**

## **means**

## **better goods for**

## **more people**

# A HARE OF FRENCH DESCENT



*"You require a male hare with red fur...  
of fine French descent, characterized  
by light nervous elegance of head and limbs."*

SO wrote Senator Couteaux in 1898 when he recorded his preparation of a ravishing dish called Lièvre à la Royale.

This masterpiece took from noon until seven o'clock to materialize. By six o'clock an exquisite aroma issued from the Restaurant Spüller, where the Senator was in the kitchen making ready for his guests. Faint at first, the glorious smell grew stronger, halting the passers-by on the boulevard. The crowd, as the

Senator remarked, were "deeply moved."

Senator Couteaux is one of our heroes down at Heinz. His attitude to food is something our chefs understand—and share. Indeed, it is this very attitude that ensures the unfailing excellence of flavour to be found in all Heinz foods. Beneath the pictures of our food we write the caption "A meal that took years to prepare." And it's the simple truth.

**HEINZ 57**

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, LTD., HARLESDEAN, LONDON, N.W.10

DOCTOR	FARMER	FOOTBALLER	MOTORIST	GOLFER
NURSE				ENGINEER
CYCLIST	<b>THE BEST VALUE IN THE CHEMIST'S SHOP TODAY</b>			CLEANER
SWEEP	Every family should have a 2/6 Tube or Jar of Perox-Chlor the nail and Hand Cleaner. A small tube will last for months. A very small amount only is required to whiten the hands and nails.			DENTIST
MINER	<b>KEENE'S Perox-Chlor</b> <i>A marvel of Scientific Chemistry</i> ★ FROM ALL CHEMISTS ★			LAWYER
HOUSEWIFE	GARDENER	SCHOOLBOY	FISHERMAN	SCHOOLMASTER

## Ask for this smoothest-ever notepaper

Try Mitre Club next time—the new kind of notepaper with a specially-processed finish that makes writing easier. Run your fingers across its surface—you can feel the new smoothness that makes any kind of pen flow more easily. Ask for Mitre Club—it costs no more than ordinary notepaper.

## MITRE CLUB

MAKES WRITING EASIER

Available in white and an attractive new shade of blue in three sizes of pads 1/-, 1/3, 1/10, and in boxes of single and double sheets with distinctive envelopes to match.

FROM ALL REALLY GOOD STATIONERS



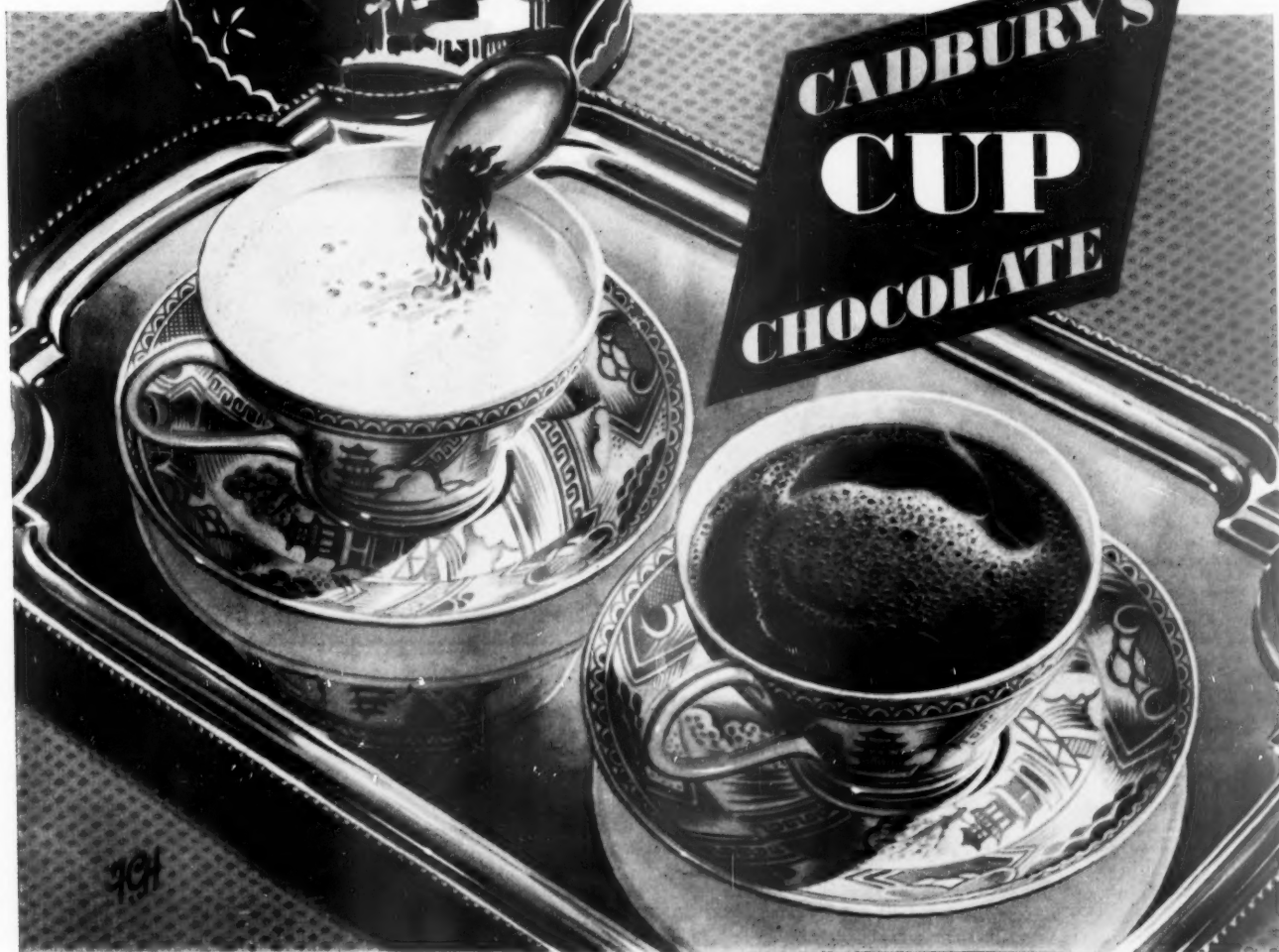
lovingly sprinkle these flakes  
of superb chocolate on to very warm milk...

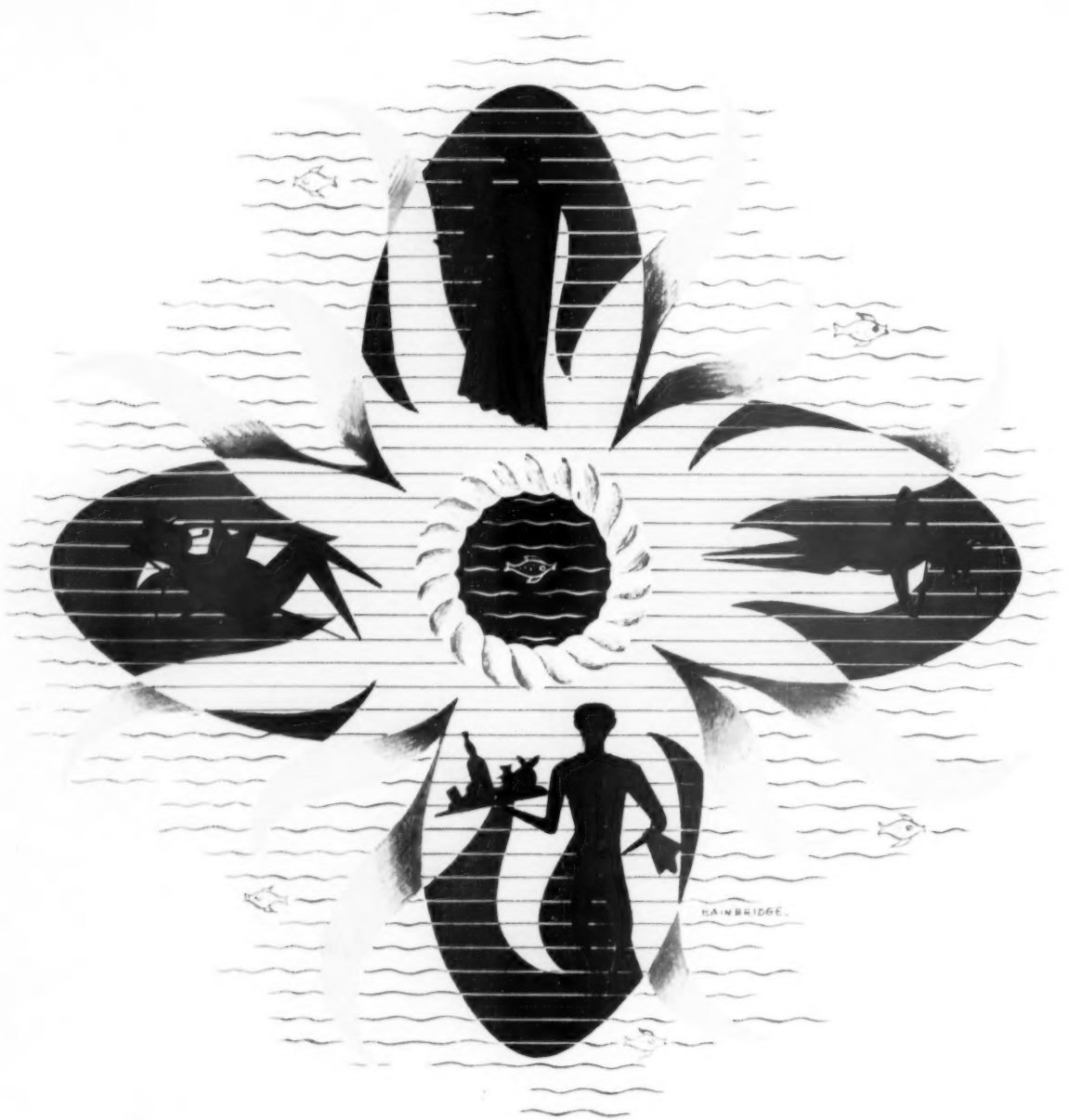
lightly stir... the richness, the perfection  
of true chocolate instantly awaits you!

Surely no more luxurious, no more  
truly well-bred drink  
than Cadbury's Cup Chocolate exists!

2/3d a half-pound

**CADBURY'S**  
**CUP**  
**CHOCOLATE**





*CRUISE BY*

*ORIENT LINE IN 1954*

14 Cockspur Street London S.W.1 Telephone TRA 7141 or Agents



To make the office a better place to work in



Roneo's interest in solving office problems extends far beyond the provision of equipment. Time and time again when Roneo's advice has been sought, a simpler, more efficient solution has been found at much less cost. Whether you are a small or large business, starting from scratch or reorganising, call in Roneo.

STEEL PARTITIONING  
FILING AND RECORDS  
DUPLICATORS  
STEEL DESKING & EQUIPMENT  
OFFICE PLANNING  
LIBRARY & BANKING EQUIPMENT

call in **RONEO**  
and do the job PROPERLY

Write to Roneo Ltd., 17 Southampton Row, London, W.C.1 Telephone: Holborn 7622

Your  
electric shave  
luxury . . .



An electric shave is a dry shave, so use Imperial Leather After Shave Lotion *before* instead of after shaving. Your shave will be cleaner than you ever thought possible.

Imperial Leather toilet luxuries also include Shaving Sticks, After Shave Talc, solid and liquid Brilliantines and the famous toilet soap. From all good shops.

**Cussons** IMPERIAL LEATHER  
Toilet Luxuries



You know  
what you're  
getting

when  
you  
pour  
out a



**WHITBREAD**  
the best of the light ales

*When the meal's an occasion . . .*



*Make  
friends  
with  
Martell*  
CORDON BLEU

*A fine liqueur brandy*



the **STANDARD MAN**  
does not exist . . .

If he did, our job would be greatly simplified—but deadly dull. On the whole we are rather pleased that men exist in such a profusion of shapes and sizes, and rather proud that their diversity is matched by our wide and skilfully designed range of fittings. Suits and overcoats like these can be obtained from good men's shops in London's West End and throughout the country. You'll know them by the Drescott showcard in the window.

Should you have any difficulty in finding your Drescott retailer, please drop us a line and we will be glad to give you his address.



An announcement by  
**DRESCOTT CLOTHES LTD of DUDLEY**  
in the county of Worcester

# WIND TOWERS

FOR  
ELECTRICAL  
POWER  
GENERATION

The construction of the tower of the anemo electrical generator was entrusted to Redheugh Iron & Steel Co. (1936) Ltd. by De Havilland Propellers Ltd., and Enfield Cables Ltd.

Other contracts include huge Maize Bins for Uganda, Water Piping for Canada, and Gas Towers and Mains for British Steel Works and Refineries. Standard requirements too, Steel Chimneys, Pressure Vessels, Storage Tanks, are met by Redheugh's complete fabrication and structural facilities.

FOR ALL SUCH WORK ANYWHERE.

**REDHEUGH**

IRON & STEEL CO. (1936) LTD.

TEAMS, GATESHEAD, CO. DURHAM

Telephone: Dunston M345.9 (3 lines).  
Telegrams: Redheugh, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

London Office: 49, St. James' St., S.W.1.



Two's Company . . .  
with  
**PLAYER'S N°3**

The Quality  
Cigarette



[3P 122B]

## The Security Clerk



It is he who has the day to day handling of all the legal documents, such as stocks and shares, title deeds and insurance policies, with which his branch has to deal. New issues and allotment letters, defence bonds and national savings, land certificates and abstracts of title all pass through his hands, and his wide experience of this kind of work is valuable to you as it is to us. He is one of a staff of 19,000 whose knowledge, ability and goodwill are at the disposal of all who bank with

**BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED**

## ask the typist

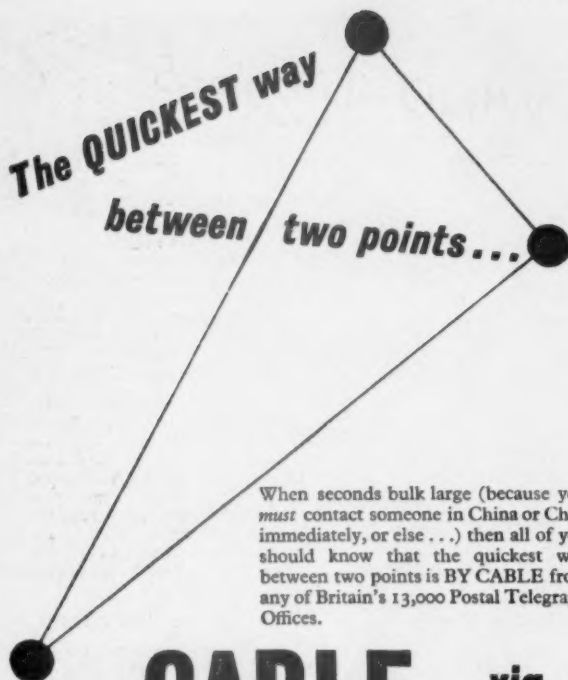
A typist worthy of the name knows the importance of every single part of the typewriter she uses. She takes into account lightness of touch, free running of the carriage, easy accessibility of working parts. She appreciates especially the interchangeability of major units which enables her to switch from one job to another at a moment's notice. After months and years of work—perhaps at several different machines—the typist's opinion carries a lot of weight. And when she says the new Imperial is good we know that it has passed her test. It's the test that really counts.

## Imperial



IMPERIAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY LIMITED, LEICESTER  
CRC 13A

The **QUICKEST** way  
between two points...



When seconds bulk large (because you *must* contact someone in China or Chile immediately, or else...) then all of you should know that the quickest way between two points is **BY CABLE** from any of Britain's 13,000 Postal Telegraph Offices.

is by **CABLE** via **Imperial**



Post Office Cable & Wireless Services

77

If you really care  
about your dog—



Really care, that's the thing! Exercise, kindness, a good home... these are important, but there's something else a dog must have *regularly*, if he's to look and feel at his absolute best.

Bob Martin's supply the answer. Bob Martin's contain vitamins—vitamins A, B and D—plus all the concentrated goodness of whole natural liver. These are all essentials in a dog's truly natural diet. No wonder dogs love Bob Martin's.

Watch your dog's coat. At this time of year, a lifeless falling coat is a sign you should not ignore. Make one Bob Martin's once a day the rule for your dog, and get set for a lively happy companion.

**So easy for you !  
So good for him !**

Your dog will quickly learn to remind you when it's time for his Bob Martin's. Don't they taste good to him—and don't they do him good! Bob Martin's time is a big moment in any dog's day



give him  
**Bob Martin condition!**

Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets from chemists and pet shops, 10d. and 2-

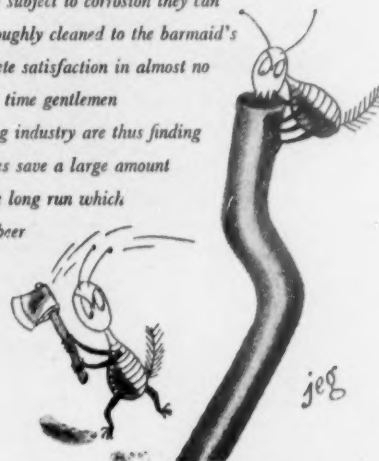


*The Directors at Accles & Pollock who never do things  
by halves are now back at the office*

*having spent some days behind bars  
in the best public houses brewers are most particular  
about the cleanliness and quality of beer passing along  
the pipe lines from the cellar Accles & Pollock  
arrived full of enthusiasm for the merits  
of Stainless Steel Tubes we can vouch for it  
these smooth bores are practically indestructible  
and fully vermin-proof  
not being subject to corrosion they can  
be thoroughly cleaned to the barmaid's  
complete satisfaction in almost no  
time gentlemen  
of the brewing industry are thus finding  
stainless steel tubes save a large amount  
of money in the long run which  
is no small beer*

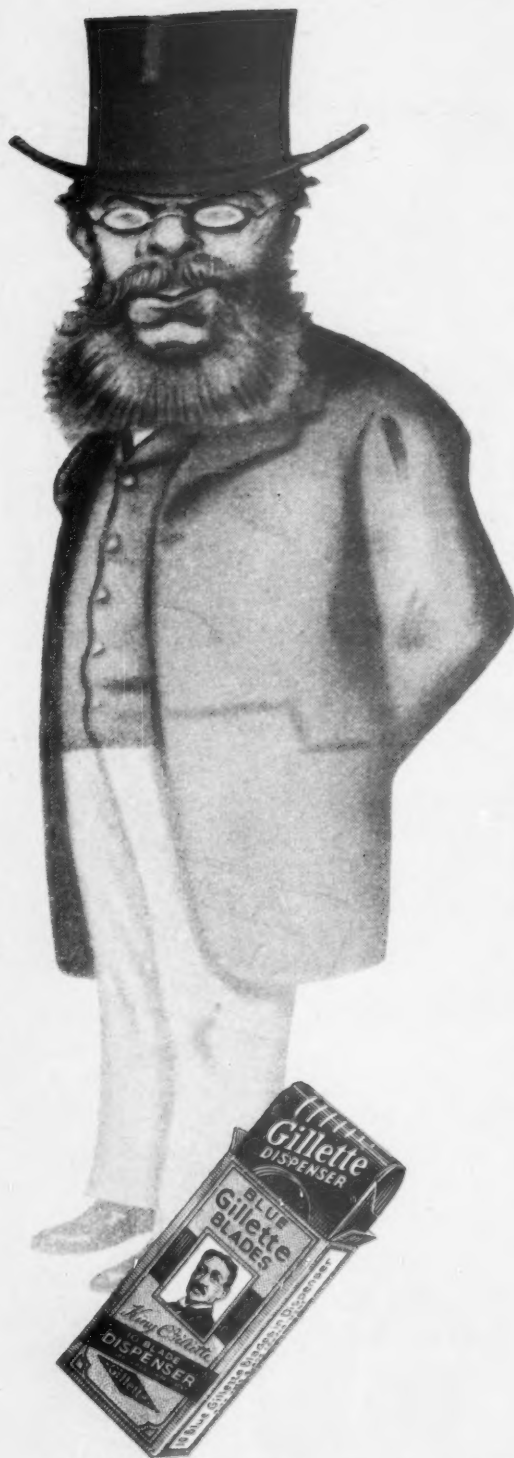


*In a recent ballot, readers voted heavily  
in favour of not doing advertisements to please the Directors.  
As a consolation, we shall occasionally give them a corner  
to say or do what they like in.*



**Don't you laugh  
at me young man !**

Confound it Sir, you'd have been just as hairy yourself in my day. Taking cold steel to the whiskers was work for heroes. You Sir, have the Gillette Safety Razor to use with those magnificently sharp Blue Gillette Blades. That's the reason this is the century of the clean-shaven man. And now Gillette have brought in these quick-feed Dispensers, the whole business of shaving is what I understand you call a portion of cake.



**Good mornings begin with Gillette**



**D**ESPITE world misgivings aroused by long and inauspicious preliminaries, a triumph was scored at the very first meeting between the four Foreign Ministers. They all turned up at the right address.

#### ART IMITATES LIFE

**T**HE dramatic critic of *The Weekly Recorder*, in his notice of Mr. Clifford Odets' new play in the West End, wrote of the third-act curtain, "Sympathy is crushed as effectively as a giraffe sitting on glued porcelain." Fellow reviewers, long since discouraged in their quest for some new way of saying the same old things, are filled with envy and curiosity in roughly equal parts. The writer, it is felt, must have



enjoyed a rich and varied experience of life before his feet were directed at last towards the stalls of the Duke of York's theatre; similes of this electric quality are denied the office-bound hack. Whose, then, is the identity concealed behind the initials "G.B.C." at the foot of the article? No one seems to know. A reference to *Who's Who* discloses, disappointingly, that Mr. George Cansdale's middle name is Soper.

#### RISE FOR TEACHERS

**D**ERBYSHIRE, long known as the Peak County, seems determined to scale even greater heights. Hot on the heels of the news that Derbyshire County Cricket Club is to experiment with the drying of cricket pitches by

means of a jet aircraft engine comes the decision of the County Council that children travelling in school buses are entitled to ask teachers using the same vehicle to give up their seats. This is only fair, as Alderman F. A. Gent pointed out, "since the buses are organized primarily for the children." When passing on the good news to their charges, Derbyshire teachers should explain that unless children insist on their rights they can never hope to grow up proper little Gents.

#### BABEL

**B**ERLIN pronouncements by Mr. Eden and Mr. Dulles will be clear at once to readers of *The Times* and the *New York Times*, just as Mr. Bidault will make immediate sense in *Le Monde* and Mr. Molotov in *Izvestia*. But Mr. Molotov will need unscrambling for *The Times*, like M. Bidault for *Izvestia* and Mr. Eden for *Le Monde*. These permutations exhausted, the broadcasting systems of each Power will put out foreign language translations of their own interpretations, to be monitored, sub-edited and printed for an interested world public. No doubt the official linguists do their best, and deserve general sympathy and



esteem, but the reader of a five-line summary in *Sin Wen Jih Pao* of Yomiuri's comment on the *Express Wicczorny* version of what *Uchitel-skaya* heard on Moscow radio may find it hard to decide whether it's *Trud* or fiction.

#### BRIGHT IS THE RING

**S**OMETIMES it is only on a second reading that great thoughts strike home with full impact. No apology is made for reproducing below, for a wider public, some of the telling images included in Mr. Oliver



Lyttelton's New Year broadcast to the Colonies. For convenient reference they are arranged in alphabetical order.

Bold front, a  
Break in the clouds, a  
Build and build surely  
Daily burden, our  
Daily task, our  
Dangers and difficulties  
Faith in the future  
Field of human struggle  
Four corners of the earth, the  
New inspiration, a  
Peace and plenty  
Poverty, disease and ignorance, the  
fight against  
Record of achievement  
Spirit of goodwill  
Steady progress  
Sure foundation  
Unity of purpose, essential  
Wars and rumours of wars  
World economic trends

It is understood that the Kabaka of Buganda, for one, was much affected, and had to switch off before the broadcast was over.

#### FLYING START

**L**AST week's reassembled Commons, aware of a formidable programme ahead, went to work with a will. The Speaker had hardly taken the Chair when Mr. Macmillan allayed public disquiet over the cement-dust menace in north-west Kent, and an answer was soon rapped out, by the Minister of

Agriculture, to a question about humane rabbit traps. A report was promised from the committee on synthetic detergents; the Licensing (Seamen's Canteens) Bill got a second reading; and the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Works explained, to an intent house, why the Burghers of Calais could not be got down from their pedestal in Victoria Tower Gardens. An excellent beginning. Now for an equally vigorous tackling of M.P.s' salaries.

#### MAN IN DRESS CLOTHES

NIGHT-CLUB patrons who suspect that they sometimes get less than full value for their money should spare a sigh for the clubs' proprietors. "Do you seriously say," Mr. Gilbert Beyfus, Q.C., asked Mr. Paul Adam, who was suing the Astor Club for alleged wrongful dismissal,

"that as the leader of the band you do nothing at all of any sort to assist the musicians in their playing?"



"I call out the name of the tune," said Mr. Adam, "give two beats, and the band starts playing automatically by itself." The Astor were paying Mr. Adam and his band £300 a week.

#### CASE FOR AUDIENCE RESEARCH

REPORTS that a well-known rag-time pianist has been playing in a lion's cage, and a lady crooner has sung to the accompaniment of a piano-playing elephant, are confidently brought to the attention of

the Performing and Captive Animals' Defence League.

#### THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS, 1954

ARE rival Masters locked in chess Really symbols of global friendliness?

To please the Russians, we excluded Spain

So the Spaniards refused to play Britons again.

Joint-winner Bronstein, and brave Tolush defeated,

Are labelled at home "complacent, conceited."

And there's a rod in pickle, and venomous thoughts stored

Against their Central Physical Culture and Sports Board.

Grand Masters, alas, of Chess Federations

Are mere pawns in strategic combinations.



THERE have been references here and there to the seventieth anniversary of the Fabian Society, which somehow manages to go on existing despite the disappearance of the social circumstances which called it into being. Childhood memories of it evoke resonant ladies with a good deal of clanging metal about them, and their husbands, or steady company, often in hygienic clothing. These last, even in childish eyes, created an impression of being somehow a little breathless, as though the pace was a shade too hot for them. Their moustaches seemed anxious, and their knickerbocker legs frail.

The ladies were more self-assured. Mrs. Annie Besant, for instance (later to abandon the cause in favour of Madame Blavatsky and transubstantiation), was a formidable personage, and there could be no possible doubt, in the case of the Webbs, who was the dominant partner. In the famous dialogues it was the shrill voice which asserted, the gruff one which echoed. Shaw, a natural Quisling, evaded the difficulty by being *plus féministe que les femmes*, and H. G. Wells, who was liable to

## THOSE WERE THE DAYS

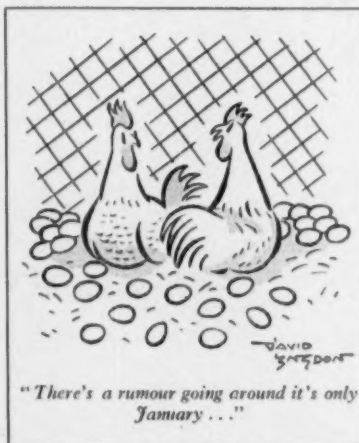
assert masculinity too obviously for his fellow Fabians, was indignantly expelled from the Society, on the motion, it is said, of a member wearing rimless pince-nez who "moved that Mr. Wells is a cad."

Considering the revolutionary impact they have had, they were a bizarre enough collection, given to all the dietetic and sartorial fancies of the age. No one surveying them at one of their summer schools would have seen them as world-shakers. Cycling along country lanes,

the ladies in bloomers, their consorts sandalled, they seemed innocuous enough; if not a little absurd. Even their ideas, such as they were, look pretty silly to-day, more particularly as they presupposed a continuance of the prosperity and relative stability of the epoch to which they belonged. There is nothing in the original Fabian Essays to suggest the imminence of world wars and all their attendant crises and miseries and destruction.

There can be little doubt, indeed, that the first Fabians would have been deeply distressed by their heirs and successors. They would have found the Soviet régime, for instance, as little to their taste as did poor Kropotkin, whose fellow anarchists were only able to participate in the State funeral Lenin arranged for him by banging on their prison cells. The fact is, of course, that revolutions are not made by revolutionaries. Rousseau can scarcely have envisaged the tumbrils when he was trying to inspire court ladies to dress like shepherdesses and suckle their young, and Marx and Engels would scarcely have found Malenkov a sympathetic companion.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE



"There's a rumour going around it's only January..."

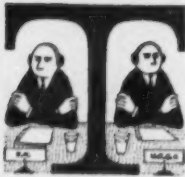
# PAS DE QUATRE



The Soviet authorities have announced that they are sending the Moscow Ballet to entertain the Four Power Conference.

# Conferring with the Russians

BY C. H. DEWHURST



THE Russian word for Council is "Soviet," and that for Conference is derived from it. It is, therefore, quite undeniable that the Russians invented

conferences, and we should really be very grateful for being asked to attend this one in Berlin. I had my share of conferences in Berlin and Potsdam during 1951-53, when head of our Military Mission, and I have just delved into my diary to see what—if anything—I learned from them. As a matter of fact I learned a lot, and (what is more important) occasionally achieved results. So I summarize herewith the most important Do's and Don'ts.

*First*, it is very important to arrive well briefed. I have often gaily sat down at the conference table and pulled out a scrap of paper from my pocket with a few pencilled

reminders, only to observe my Soviet opposite number unstrap a formidable leather case and extract a fearsome-looking batch of carefully-typed manuscripts. He will then proceed to deal not merely with the particular case under review but with all those preceding it, or remotely analogous to it, for years back. The object of this is to discover with what particular detail you are unacquainted. Having ascertained this, he will immediately amplify it and clothe it in leonine exaggeration, and then draw from it conclusions (favourable—from the Soviet point of view) in regard to the item under review.

*Secondly*, be brief. Every word you say will be taken down in evidence against you and studied meticulously after you have left. The more you say, the greater the opportunity for discovering some small discrepancy or other. I remember once complaining about

being held up by an armed Soviet guard in Eastern Germany, and submitting the facts, somewhat lengthily, in writing. The Senior Soviet Liaison Officer I subsequently interviewed stated that if, as appeared from my report, I had been held up at exactly 1100 hrs., how could I have reported the matter to the nearest Soviet Town Commandant at 1130 hrs., for the town in question was 24 kms. from the alleged hold-up, and to get there in 30 minutes meant that I had exceeded the local speed limit of 40 kms. an hour? Now this was a most reprehensible act! Had I not acknowledged receipt of a letter (years back) stating what the local regulations were? Had not the Soviet Commander-in-Chief himself stressed the importance of abiding by official commitments? How could I expect disciplined Red Army soldiers to stand idly by when the grossest infractions of the law were being carried out by Allied officers? I was



at once on the defensive. And that is precisely where they want you (if you insist on being precise).

*Thirdly*, never demand anything. You may suggest or require but not demand. The moment an ultimatum is sensed, all work ceases, and even the stenographer puts down her pad. The first time I used the word "demand" I presumed, from the consternation around, that I had used the wrong term. Indeed I hastily consulted my dictionary afterwards and found that the *next* word (very like it) did mean "tripe, piffle, rubbish, garbage, entrails," though it was definitely not the one I had employed. Ultimatums go only in high-level letters, and are invariably referred to Moscow, no matter how trivial. They are framed with a view to publicity, i.e. to demonstrate to the public that we occasionally get tough with the Russians. But they never accomplish anything, and are usually not even answered.

*Fourthly*, never criticize Soviet leaders or institutions, for on these topics they have no sense of humour whatever. While we couldn't care less if Parliament, Police or Politicians were lampooned, such matters are, to the Russians, entirely above criticism. I once complained that constant N.K.V.D. surveillance was beginning to interfere seriously with my liaison duties, when the Colonel I was addressing inquired blandly: "And what, or who, are they?"

*Fifthly*, never lose your temper. But as it is no good preaching what you cannot practise, I shall pass by this admirable precept.

*Sixthly*, beware of the Big Lie. This Ace is usually introduced when you have all the Kings in your hand, and is played most casually. I was once complaining to the Soviet Commander-in-Chief about zones being placed constantly out of bounds, in disregard of agreements mutually arrived at. His staff, standing rigidly around at attention, looked a little worried. The following conversation then ensued:

Soviet General: "But have you not brought with you the map showing out-of-bounds areas?"



Self: "Yes. It is the one I am referring to."

General: "No. Not that one. The one we sent a long time ago showing the exact areas which you are now complaining about."

Self: "I have never seen such a map."

General (to his staff): "But it was sent, was it not?"

Staff (unanimously): "Indeed, General, it was sent."

General (turning to me): "You see? It was sent. Why have you not brought it? Your office staff must be negligent. It is very lamentable to complain about matters settled long ago, for it wastes valuable time."

Remember, the Russians of to-day have a dual morality: one private—which is above reproach, and one when dealing with matters of State, which is wholly unprincipled and quite deplorable.

*Seventhly*, observe the niceties of the conference table. One must on no account get down to business at once. It is considered the worst possible form if, on summons to a conference, you enter the room and say "Now, what's this all about?"

Your hosts observe sourly any sheaf of papers subtracted from your pocket before the hors d'œuvres of small talk is exhausted, for this is considered a useful time for summing up an opponent. At the conclusion of a conference be prepared for vodka, caviar and fruit (and for an hour or two if the occasion warrants). The Russians entirely agree with Major-General Shortt, who declared cocktail parties to be a menace to security. So much more can be obtained from a vodka session.

*Finally*, never expect a conference to produce results. The results of your persuasion and arguments appear months later, and the lifting of a restriction, or the granting of some concession is never officially coupled with your representations. Like the lifting of the Berlin blockade—it simply happens. This is, of course, most aggravating, for one can never, then, get the credit for anything!

To summarize. If our Berlin negotiators are brief yet well briefed, undemanding, uncritical, tranquil, unexpectant, agreeable to deception, and convivial, they may achieve results. If not, it will be "very lamentable," for they may be "wasting valuable time."

# History for the Common Man

*In time of yore, with tooth and claw,  
The British Lion used to roar;  
To-day, a Household Pet, it lies  
And dotes on B——t's Histories.*

Buggins. "Lays of the Welfare State"

"**W**HEREFORE answerest thou thus?" cried the bewildered king. "Nay, sir," replied Earl Simon, stoutly, "'tis ever in Wardour-Street English I address posterity. Good Bishop Stubbs will have it so, and such, too, is ever Dr. B——t's way."

It had been the habit of all our forbears. Since first they swarmed over the cold sea in their long razor-backed ships and bogged their blunt ploughshares in English soil. The Normans, with hawk eye and shaven lip, never broke that tradition. It had begun, perhaps, in Rome when hard-bitten Vespasian planned his assault on Mai Dun, or earlier, when Celtic warriors put their shirts on Boadicea's filly, or drunken Bronze Age chieftains clung tottering to the megaliths of Stonehenge. It was the deep speech of our race.

*Non Angli, sed Angeli*, Roman Gregory declared. He paid a just tribute to British good sense. While Gaul and Teuton, Byzantine and Slav, went their obscure and murderous

BY  
JOHN BOWLE  
(with apologies to Dr. Arthur Bryant)

way, entering the light of history only to contribute to our island story, British political genius already flourished. Roasting their captives in wicker cages, the Druids had early taught our Celtic ancestors the need for stoicism and humour. By stark alternative of massacre or rape, Saxon taught Briton the habit of endurance or compromise. Our Scandinavian forbears, with their flair for law, could argue the hind leg off a donkey and eat it too. When they pelted St. Alphege to death with bones, they showed already a just intolerance of clerical privilege. With sturdy good sense, the Thanes of Wessex solved a disputed succession by knifing their king at Corfe. Our passion for exercise was already plain when Matilda chased Stephen, and Stephen Maud. The economic foresight which was to plant the British race over all the continents is already apparent when the Conqueror laid waste the North. The poise and judgment of our great lawyer king, the second Henry, made him bite the rushes and roll upon the floor.

With eagle foresight he selected the precise man among his subjects best qualified for martyrdom and arranged Chaucer's *Merrie Pilgrimage to Canterbury*.

These achievements were wrought upon the sturdy backs of English peasants. They had always enjoyed the jovial plenty and roisterous bonhomie that mark the English restaurant and pub. In draughty hutments on Windmill Hill, racked with rheumatism and toothache, eating their nearest relations or burying them beneath the floor, Neolithic settlers had early domesticated the dog — that

traditional British pet. Their Celtic successors exchanged their captives in Mediterranean slave-markets for the Falernian amphoræ they were always careful to smash. They fore-shadow the college feast and the city banquet. Anglo-Saxon farmers, muttering their imbecile riddles and devouring gruel and salted cod, anticipate our cross-word puzzles and our fish and chips. King John's bold foresters, stringing up trespassers to the oaken bough, or transfixing the poacher in the wood, display already the sporting instincts of our land.

These yeomen of England, snug in their smoky hovels, surrounded by swine and kine, already assert their native liberties. Staggering from one village alehouse to the next, they wrought the windings of the English road. The marks of their rude agriculture were to form the hazards of the English golf course. Their rat-haunted taverns founded the rural hosteleries whose old-world comfort and cuisine persists unchanged until to-day.

They have left their names up and down the country in our villages and fields. Caddestown and Hoggesspuddle; Swipes Mead and Foulditch; Grimes Corner and Alfred's End. And beside these humble memorials blaze the historic names of the great landlords of England, clerical and lay—Priors Bane and Abbotts Eyewash; Rackem FitzNigel and Warrennes Paine.

(To be continued indefinitely until the Welfare State has found a pedigree.)

£ £

## Any Happy Returns?

Moscow's Press and radio silence on the subject of Mr. Malenkov's birthday was, of course, dictated from above. References to anniversaries of this kind, year after year, were encouraging some of Mr. Malenkov's associates to regard them as a right.

£ £

"O'HARE—Oct. 8, at Walton Hospital, to Eileen (née Roberts), wife of Michael, a son (brother for Cecilia) both well. Thanking God and hospital staff."

Liverpool Echo

Cecilia dissenting.





"Pigeon's off, sir."

# Critic on Thin Ice

BY PERCY CUDLIPP

A JOURNALISTIC task with heavier responsibilities than most is that of criticizing the Arts for the *Daily Worker*. The critic enslaved by the Private Monopoly-Capitalist Press faces comparatively simple problems: Is the comedy amusing? Is the book interesting? Is the music adventurously discordant, or is it daringly harmonious? Far greater the burden, incalculably graver the risks, that

must be borne by a *Daily Worker* critic.

Artistically this novel may be all right, but how does it measure up to the needs of the class war? That joke that set us all rocking at the Palladium—can one be sure that it showed no taint of plutocratic deviationism, Anglo-American Imperialism, or obscurantist Lawtherite-Tewsonism? And in that new concerto for handbells

and muted strings—was there not more than a hint of ante-post-neo-formalism?

Of all critics on the *Daily Worker* staff, the one who seems to me best equipped for the rigours of the job is the lady named Alison Macleod who reviews radio and TV. No reactionary undertone in "Woman's Hour" or "Life with the Lyons" escapes her ear. No TV conjurer, claiming to change a rabbit into the Flags of All Nations but subtly excluding the standard of People's Bulgaria, can hope by quickness of the hand to deceive the ideology of Miss Macleod.

Nor—to examine her achievement from a more positive angle—does she neglect any opportunity of combining criticism of radio with praise for Soviet Russia and its great ally, the British Communist Party. For example, under the comprehensive headline "Nightmare Evening" Miss Macleod recently damned practically the whole of a TV "Panorama" programme. Practically the whole. There was this exception: "Only the dancing of the two Soviet visitors, Natalia Filippova and Stanislav Vlasov, went perfectly."

Again, when the final round of a debating tournament organized by the National Union of Students was televised, with an additional speech by Sir David Maxwell Fyfe as presiding adjudicator, Miss Macleod summed up their oratory by writing that any member of the Young Communist League with street-corner experience could have licked the lot.

Just in case the *Daily Worker* should decide to follow the admirable example of the *Evening Standard* and introduce guest critics of broadcasting to its columns, I myself have written some specimen criticisms of recent programmes which I hope will win the approval of the Editor:

## THERE'S ALWAYS JULIET (TV)

The theme of John van Druten's play is the swashbuckling courtship of a young English girl by a visiting American, which he carries through, with typical Yankee opportunism,



"The second book of Samuel, Chapters 11-12. I suppose most of you are familiar with the film version."

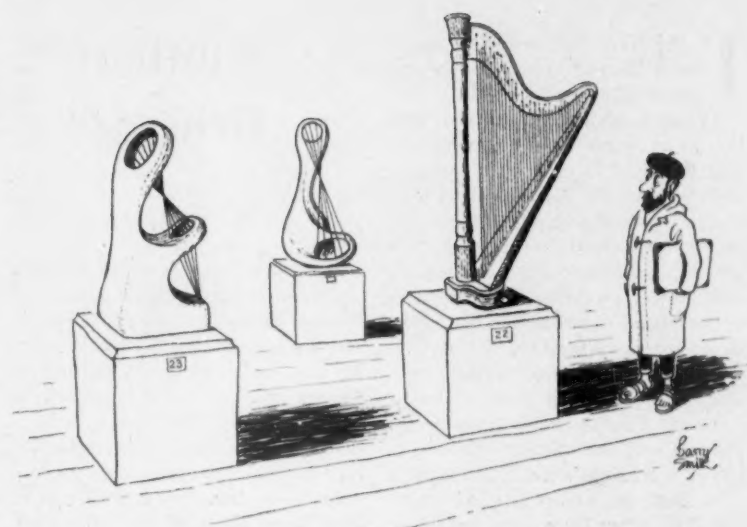
while her well-to-do parents are on holiday in France. (Incidentally, at Vichy—which rings a bell, doesn't it?) Strongly though one may feel that the pampered, feather-brained "heroine" deserved all that came to her, it was an execrable lapse of taste by the B.B.C. to revive van Druten's so-called comedy at this time.

What, I wonder, was the reaction, as they watched the nauseating self-assurance with which the American kissed and hugged his victim, of the real-life parents who in many parts of the country live in daily dread that their daughters will be subjected to the crude advances of the Occupying G.I.s? The one redeeming feature was that the American in the play was not one of Eisenhower's atom-bomb vanguard but a commercial representative seeking business in Britain. So one can at least hope that normal healthy-minded viewers will have switched off with a stronger-than-ever determination to demand from the Government an immediate and vast expansion of East-West trade.

#### LISTEN WITH MOTHER (Light Programme)

This broadcast "for children under five" began with the singing of a pitifully snobbish nursery rhyme, "This is the way the ladies ride." Subsequent verses were "This is the way the gentlemen ride" and "This is the way the farmers ride." Have radio producers any notion of the harm they do to impressionable five-year-olds when they depict Britain as a land mainly populated by handsomely mounted "ladies" and "gentlemen" and prancing kulaks?

After this pernicious trash I was all the more grateful for the item that followed—a story about a small boy named Jonathan who teased his mother by offering her a present wrapped in many layers of paper. As she removed each wrapping she tried to guess what the present was and her guesses were eloquent of an effete and luxury-loving mind. In the end it turned out that Jonathan had neatly rebuked her frivolity by giving her a clothes-peg. I wonder how this telling bit of realism slipped past the B.B.C. censorship? Anyway, there'll be a warm corner for



Jonathan in the Young Communist League!

#### EDUCATING ARCHIE (Light Programme)

For some inexplicable reason I have a weakness for puppets, especially talking ones, and Archie Andrews has always been one of my favourites. Congratulations to Archie for a resounding contribution to the class struggle in a recent edition of this programme, when he exclaimed: "If only I could make a fortune I'd lie in bed all day and smoke cigars." Despite the inane laughter of the studio audience I feel sure that brilliant shaft went home in the right quarter. What a tragedy it is that we don't get more of this kind of searching, astringent satire on the air!

Only a few moments later, in the same programme, the B.B.C. was brought back to its customary low level by a witless and slanderous "quip" from Bernard Miles. In the rôle of a tinker he said, referring to his donkey, "She's a rare one for sitting down, is Knocker. She'd make a good Union man." I have since searched the Press for some sign of a protest from Messrs. Deakin and Williamson against this insolent aspersion on organized labour. Needless to say, they are mute. They prefer to reserve their eloquence for attacking militant trade unionists, and for sneering at Soviet Russia's mighty efforts in the cause of world peace.

#### MISSING FROM HOME (TV)

"Every day, in this country, twenty people disappear from their homes. Many are never heard of again." Thus the *Radio Times* blurb for this documentary, which turned out, as I expected, to be a very characteristic example of the B.B.C.'s preoccupation with trivial themes. Just imagine, say, Moscow Radio devoting a whole hour of precious time to people who disappear from their homes and are never heard of again!

#### VARIOUS PANEL SHOWS (TV)

Not for all the tea in People's China shall I be persuaded to watch another of these shows until they cease to be a monotonous parade of the reactionary types whom Lime Grove insists upon starring. How anybody can pass over Harry Pollitt's claims to appear regularly in "What's My Line?" just beats me.

2 2

#### Old Shropshire Lad

*Old Parr, the Shropshire yeoman, it is now claimed, lived to be 152 and married at 120.*

NOW of my eight score years less eight  
Six score have gone. It's not too late,  
And since to savour love in bloom  
Thirty years is little room,  
About the marches I will ride  
And find myself a chaste young  
bride.

F. L. M.

**I**N the New Deal recently undertaken in this column, we come to the SQUEEZE.

First, however, let me give you the news from Helsinki, which is that England is fighting a magnificent battle with the Japs, and that to-day we must amass fifty thousand points for a lead. This shouldn't prove impossible, though Jap tactics need some guarding against, and temperatures are considerably lower than our team is used to. It may be a question of their furs against our sang-froid. Also kibitzing seems to be an old Finnish custom; yesterday was the national holiday. However, after a brief night's rest following the Civic Banquet, we are in good heart. The Irish team have been lost by a cabman, and presumably are out of it—No, I'm wrong. Here they are. But from the look of things I don't fancy their chance.

Now for the SQUEEZE. This used to be a simple enough matter of hands meeting under the table, ankle grips, and the Scarborough (a thoroughly Edwardian affair), its object being a general one, to unsettle or distract an opponent. The lady so approached—usually it was a lady—would play unwisely.

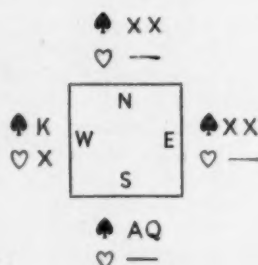
She can, of course, merely seem to do so, while keeping her wits

## Whither Bridge?

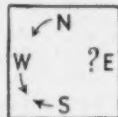
BY  
G. W. STONIER

about her, or execute counter-squeezes involving *both* opponents. To-day (more's the pity) one rarely meets a good old-fashioned SQUEEZE. It has been reintroduced, in the Vienna system, with snatches of waltz, glances, insinuating bids, a monocle or a strange scent; which methods have achieved some success, notably at Istanbul in 1947, when Wolf swept all before him. However, once we know the little game it is not difficult to counter—except for more temperamental players—and I doubt whether it can ever considerably influence British Bridge.

We have our own SQUEEZE, the Slammer or Cheltenham Squeeze—so named after Canon Slammer who introduced it. This is the sort of situation:



North and South must take two tricks to defeat the contract. The obvious play would be to finesse the Queen; in which case, of course, the King makes. This is where the SQUEEZE comes in. North veers to N.N.W., so forcing West towards South, who, waiting his chance at S.S.W., sees the King bare. Thus:



Thereupon South plays his Ace, drops the King, exclaims "What luck!" and marks up 400 points for the one down vulnerable redoubled.

There is, no doubt, a perfectly good reply. Immediately upon observing the stratagem West should withdraw his chair a couple of feet, thus forestalling both opponents and threatening them in turn. So the text-books advise. But it may not work out so easily, as anyone who has sat at or off the same table as Canon Slammer will know. It is a matter of split seconds; the recoil from North (especially if accompanied by clouds of dark shag, which it was the Canon's habit to smoke) will be automatic, South will have snatched his opportunity, and too late poor West will realize she is being squeezed.

Canon Slammer—the "W.G." one might say, of Contract Bridge—deserves a couple of articles to himself, and these I hope to provide at a later date. Meanwhile let me draw attention to his *Bridge Table Talk*, edited by Mrs. ("Bill") Woolgatherington-Jones, whose boast it was that, while she could never remember a card, every word of the Canon's was indelibly engraved in her memory. Characteristically this book contains no mention of Bridge, while roving irresistibly over politics, port, investments, theology, the Boy Scout movement, and British Honduras, where perhaps the Canon first tried out some of those famous coups. In the pulpit, on the other hand, his metaphors from play were the delight and confusion of his congregation.

The Canon was a redoubtable figure. You couldn't trip him. You could try. I did once or twice—being newly down from Oxford—and invariably got the worst of it. There was great sternness in that one eye; the other was glass; but in the heat of conflict one would forget which was which, and sometimes (it was whispered) the Canon himself forgot. At any rate he missed nothing, and was a master of the roar and the pause, the bid that while saying two spades implies three clubs, the pulverizing double and the double exploratory, the tambourine tap on the table-rim, and the full-bellied laugh. That laughter could be almost as unhinging as the tobacco: a mere wave of the pouch was enough to defeat some players. He had a way



of his own with all the conventions, systems, and fashions that blow to and fro over our green baize. "The best convention I know," he would exclaim, "is Keswick, where you'll always get a good four."

I remember when *tempos* were all the rage he would snort "Smash 'em!" And he did. If his opponents played slow, he hurried; if they raced, he stopped; they tranced, he snored—waking half an hour later to take them off guard with a fiendish energy.

The talk, full to overflowing, I need not enlarge on. He could too, seemingly, withdraw himself to the sporting page of *The Times* at tense moments; while his exploitation of the Lost Card . . . But I encroach on future articles. Yes, there is far more in Bridge than the text-books tell: ideals and conflicts, psychology, life itself.

Next week:

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE DEAL

2 2

#### Peace Rumour Discredited

Historians as well as archaeologists have examined with interest the two Bronze Age swords dug up in a field at Weston Longville. Scientific tests have revealed, however, that the state of the weapons is due to erosion and decay, rather than to any determined effort to beat them into ploughshares.



## Greenaway

BY JOHN BETJEMAN

I KNOW so well this turfy mile,  
These clumps of sea-pink  
withered brown,  
The breezy cliff, the awkward stile,  
The sandy path which takes me  
down

To crackling layers of broken slate  
Where black and flat sea woodlice  
crawl  
And isolated rock-pools wait  
Wash from the highest tides of all.

I know the roughly blasted track  
Which skirts a small and smelly  
bay  
And over squelching bladder-wrack  
Leads to the beach at Greenaway.

And on the shingle safe at last  
I hear the slowly dragging roar  
As mighty rollers mount to cast  
Small coal and seaweed on the  
shore.

And spurting far as it can reach  
The shooting surf comes hissing  
round  
To leave a line along the beach  
Of cowries waiting to be found.

Tide after tide by night and day  
The breakers battle with the land  
And rounded smooth along the  
bay  
The faithful rocks protecting  
stand.

But in a dream the other night  
I saw this coastline from the sea  
And felt the breakers plunging white  
Their weight of waters over me.

There were the stile, the turf, the  
shore,  
The safety line of shingle beach;  
With every stroke I struck the more  
The backwash sucked me out of  
reach—

Back into what a water-world  
Of waving weed and waiting  
claws?  
And writhing tentacles uncurled  
To drag me to what dreadful  
jaws?

**H**E who disseminates culture, by lecture, to the culture-hungry, lecture-hungry British, sees his country in a new, outlandish light. He discovers it, for one thing, to disobey nature, in that the warmth of its inhabitants varies in inverse ratio to the warmth of its climate. Travelling northwards into the mists of Britain, he may well fancy himself travelling southwards into the sunlight of France, to encounter in the underground pubs of Leeds a reception as expansive as in the waterfront cafés of Toulon.

He finds himself here among a breed of men whose activities may be gathered from their newspapers. Amid the commonplace advertisements for "blansheets" and aids to "Beauty Personalisation" and cures for "Exhaustipation" are strange demands for Armhole Basters and Female Body Pressers, Hand Buttoners, a Smart Girl for a Prickstitch Machine, a Padder "able to edge baste," or "Pinsetters wanted for Noble comb circles and all types of Gill box Fallers."

The ladies, three hundred strong, await the lecturer at luncheon in a neighbouring black city amid wuthering heights, whose factory chimneys rise like a forest of minarets in a forest of Gothic spires, whose streets have names like Gibbet Street and Swine Market, and whose latest pride is thirty-four new concrete street-lamps erected in honour of the Coronation. Here he is

## Lecture Tour

BY

LORD KINROSS

received with a warmth unalcoholic, but nevertheless still more Provençal than provincial, and finds himself seated by the Mayoress, who remarks apologetically: "The Secretary's bin smashin' down at me for not wearin' my chain of office."

The eyes of the ladies beam at the lecturer through their spectacles, the tea is hot, the meat is cold, and the conversation, on the blessed prosperity of the local industries, is brisk enough. Finally the lecturer rises to his feet.

"Mrs. Chairlady, Ladies . . ." Facetiously, his lecture being concerned with Middle Eastern affairs, he stresses his trepidation at finding himself for the first time in the midst of a harem. There is polite laughter, followed by a polite fixed glaze as the lecture proceeds, followed at the end by polite applause and smiles of relief and no questions. He says to the Chairlady, perhaps he was a bit too solemn for them. Not at all, says the Chairlady. The ladies like to begin the season with something they can get their teeth into; and after all at the next luncheon they are to have Lady Mander on "Showing your Home," and at the next Miss Cumberbirch on "Vitality."

The lecturer is not, it seems, too solemn for the Conservative and Unionist ladies of the neighbouring county. At luncheon, in the Georgian banquet room of an Elizabethan hotel, with double pink gins instead of tea for refreshment, and notices on the wall of the forthcoming dance of the Conservative Association at a local stately home, the conversation is of agricultural subsidies and food prices, and the lecturer, soon out of his depth, is relieved to rise and speak, with his head above water. At the end he sinks once more out of his depth, as the ladies cross-examine him about the likely effect of the evacuation of the Canal Zone on the operations of the Liverpool Cotton Exchange.

Back in London, in his local town

hall, fortified in advance by his own whisky and at the end by the borough's tea and cakes, the lecturer is introduced by a suave young pin-striped councillor, who has looked him up in a book of reference and forewarns the audience of his "waspy Balliol wit." Here he is interrogated, no longer by ladies but by little men with hunted eyes, who want to know what *proof* he has that Russia's intentions in the Middle East are aggressive.

Afterwards he is discreetly approached by a lady from the Central Office of Information who says: "I hope you don't mind my mentioning it, but you *did* forget Azerbaijan"; and by a gentleman from the Foreign Office who says: "Forgive my butting in, but there's a point we're rather keen to get across about the *duration* of the Treaty . . ." A lady meanwhile sidles up to him and hisses gently: "Astigmatism of the eyesight can be cured. Astigmatism of the mind is incurable."

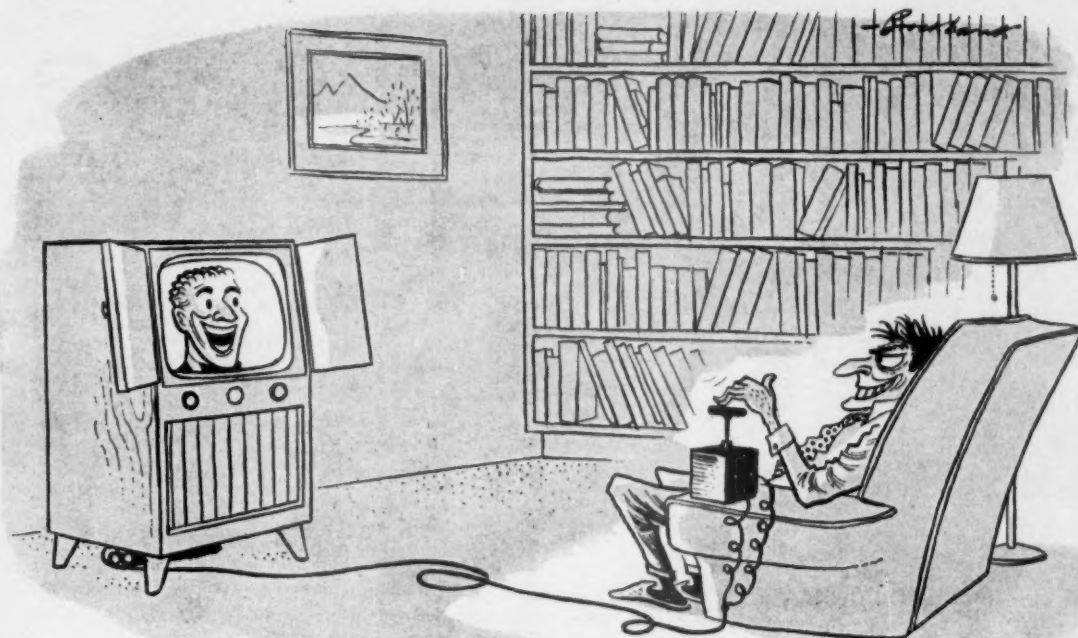
A few days later he faces a ladies' luncheon at a Kensington hotel, at which the Chairlady, imposing in oriental homespun, refers tactfully to the lecturer's prepared script as his "notes," and says generously, "It seemed to flower in your mind as you went along."

But the climax of the season is a trip to Dublin. Invited to a "quiet little luncheon" before the lecture, he is told by his host of his last "quiet little luncheon," which lasted five days. In a club painted green, decanters of claret follow decanters of claret. Since this is no longer England, the conversation is suitably cosmopolitan. The other guest says he feels more at home in France than in England, because the French don't expect him to mean what he says, while the English do. The lecturer cagily remarks that he is Scottish. The host remarks that he has orders to deliver him at the lecture hall at twenty to three. At twenty-five to, he orders three glasses of port.

The other guest is now commenting on the affinity between the Americans and the Germans. "They want us to be like the Danes," he protests. "Are they not aware that Denmark has only a single race-course?"



"My son, Eric, won't be coming to school to-day; he's in dreadful pain."



The host indignantly sends back the three glasses of port, and orders three bigger ones. The lecturer, he insists, must stay for the party he is giving for his father's seventieth birthday. In view of his failing health, it will be a quiet affair, lasting only three days.

At some time during the afternoon the lecturer, with a dreamlike sense of irrelevance, walks on to a platform somewhere, unannounced, delivers a lecture, and walks off it again into the arms of a man in tweeds and a saffron tie, who says he knew him during the war, and carries him off to drink double Irish whiskeys in a vaulted Gothic club until his boat sails.

Liverpool next morning, in the early light, looks like Rome, as he drives across it to return once more to the frigid South.

"In England the rôle of the skunks and pine martens has been taken over by the Ministry of Agriculture and the Forestry Commission . . ."

*Manchester Guardian*

Versatile, these Civil Service chaps.

## Femme Fatale

FOR a woman to be a *femme fatale*, in other words inimitably fashionable, elegant, charming and chic,  
While appearing from within a multitude of undergarments, zippers, buttons and hooks,  
And for a woman to get a graceful carriage with a nipped-in waist, high-heeled shoes and the silhouette of a female freak  
Is far more difficult than it looks.

There's no doubt that a certain *savoir faire* is needed for a woman in a barrel-shaped tweed coat and skirt to look palely aloof,  
And it isn't every woman who can look delightfully dashing with a cummerbund on or in an afternoon décolletage,  
Nor look impeccably styled in a pencil-slim skirt—the long lean look which seems to be all warp and no woof,  
When her waist is the size which every woman hopes her waist isn't and her hips are indubitably large.

I can doubtless foil my fashionable coat with suave accessories and temper my elegant carriage with natural charm,  
And be polished, refined and calm,  
But I find my gentle femininity is definitely strained when my shoes are too tight  
Or my clothes don't feel right  
And my corset is crushing me and though I may look as sleek as a seal,  
And oozing with chic understatement, that's not how I feel.

Some day, in the unforeseeable unfashionable future,  
Lost will be the sartorial splendour the twentieth-century woman achieves,  
And some unknown designer will make his sublime creation  
Out of two fig leaves.

FRANCES NIGHTINGALE



# PRIESTLEY'S PRIMER.

*Lessons for Little Ones*  
(and)  
Ornamented  
with  
APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS.



## PEACE

**P**EACE is good. It is what all men want. Men of pow-er and im-port-ance who rule the world want peace most of all. It is a bad thing to say they like pow-er and im-port-ance more than they like peace. But it is true that when men are full of fear they do not mind so much all this pow-er and im-port-ance. It is said that big bombs will give us peace. Let us hope that it is not the wrong kind of peace when all are dead. Big bombs cost much to make. We must not ask for toys and



games if we still need big bombs. Twice the Ger-mans spoilt peace and we had to fight them to take their swords and guns. Now we give them back their swords and guns. We must hope the Ger-mans have changed. Our ru-lers are wise or they would not talk so much in a loud voice. What is strange to us is clear to them in their wis-dom. Some say all ru-lers should be shut up and not have food and drink till they give us peace. This is bad talk.

## ENG-LISH WAY OF LIFE

**T**HE Eng-lish way of life is the best on earth so long as you do not want to be gay. Nor must you want to work too hard. Lit-tle work and less play is now our mot-to. Mr. But-ler has told us we must not be e-lat-ed nor too de-pressed. Mr. But-ler need not wor-ry. He must be think-ing of his fel-low Mem-bers who can take a drink at all times. No doubt such men are gay and

wit-ty one min-ute, sad and tear-ful the next. But all the rest are just dim and boot-faced. In some ways of life, men and wo-men en-joy be-ing with each oth-er. This is not the Eng-lish way. Often for-eign-ers talk for hours, wav-ing their hands, a-bout art and love and life. They laugh in the streets. This too is not the Eng-lish way. It is sad that we are not good now at the few things we care a-bout. French race hors-es and Hun-gar-ian for-wards run fast-er than ours. Brown and black men tell us to get out of their lands. Back-woods sen-a-tors show us how to run our king-dom. Steaks and chops are hard to find. The rain has got in-to the beer. We have twen-ty fin-al de-mands and threats of writs but no sec-ond pair of good shoes. We need good shoes so that we can stand for hours in long lines. We do this to see third-rate foot-ball, to eat



baked-beans-on-toast, to catch sight of a B.B.C. com-ic. But we call our-selves the new E-liz-a-beth-ans. We should look at the graves of Drake and Ra-leigh, Spen-ser and Shake-speare. They must be turn-ing in them.

## NEWS-PA-PER OWN-ERS

**M**EN who own news-pa-pers have pow-er and im-port-ance all the time. They are all big, strong, fierce men. They are called Chiefs. They are lords. They are rich and wise. They know far more things than com-mon men. Com-mon men have to read pa-pers to learn

these things. Chiefs do not meet such men. Chiefs on-ly meet Chiefs and kind pret-ty lad-ies and men who work for them. These men are called ed-i-tors. They live in fear of their Chiefs who tell them what to do. Some men do not think this is a good life. Such men are not praised in pa-pers owned by Chiefs. Bad things are prin-ted a-bout them. Ug-ly pict-ures of them are



put in-to pa-pers. So all the Dads and Mums do not think such men wise and brave but stu-pid or bad. Most Chiefs tell Dads and Mums what they think will make them feel hap-py. These things may be lies. But the Chiefs know best what is good for com-mon men or they would not be made lords. Chiefs live fine rich lives. They do not stay in hol-i-day camps. They go to the South of France or the West Ind-ies. But ev-en then their ed-i-tors are not free to write and print what they please. Or-ders come from the South of France or the West Ind-ies. Chiefs are al-ways on the job. On-ly few can be Chiefs. This is a great pit-y.

#### THE PAR-SON

I SEE a par-son. He is big and pink. Is he too fat? No, but he is quite plump. His voice is loud. He likes to laugh too. *Ha ha ha!* What poor weath-er we are hav-ing! *Ha ha ha!* That is how he goes on. He comes to tea on the wrong day. He sits in the bad chair. He will get dog hairs all ov-er his black suit. He takes a big piece of cake and then for-gets it. Can he smoke his faith-ful old bri-ar? *Ha ha ha.* We long



to say no he can't—*ha ha ha.* He puffs a-way at his faith-ful old pipe. We have seen him in the ad-vert-ise-ments. He talks and talks with lots of *ha-ha-ha.* He is a bit down on the bish-op. Such talk must be a bit of a risk. If the bish-op gets to know, there will be no

*ha-ha-ha.* The par-son has no TV set. He says he is too poor to buy one. He would like one to watch crick-et. He is quite mad on crick-et. It is not just a game to him. He loves to sit at Lord's say-ing *Well played, sir!* He works out rec-ords and that sort of thing. He knows this is the best left-hand sixth wick-et stand on a Ju-ly Thurs-day for five sea-sons. In his heav-en there will be games that go on for years and years and no rain. And Na-vy Cut for his old faith-ful at four-pence an ounce. And no more go-ing out to tea and *ha-ha-ha.* Nor aw-ful school bills. On-ly such an Eng-lish heav-en would suit the par-son. But per-haps there is one. Who knows? I do not know. He does not know. We do not know.

#### COCK-TAIL PAR-TY

WHAT is this strange loud noise? Is it the cock-tail par-ty? Yes, now we can see the guests. If there are an-y more, they will burst the room. All are gay. Let us be gay too. We will grab some drink and then talk at the top of our voi-ces. We can-not see our host and host-ess. We could not care less. They have been rath-er mean with the gin. And we are not mad-ly



keen on such bits of food as we see. What sort of cock-tail par-ty is this? Does it be-long to High Life? Shall we look for Dou-glas Fair-banks, Mal-coldm Sar-gent or Ce-cil Beat-on? Or is there no hope? I see some wri-ters. Then it is not High Life. It is an-y riff-raff. But most guests do not give up hope. That is why they look a-way from the per-son they are talk-ing to. They are hop-ing to see No-ël Cow-ard or Gil-bert Hard-ing or La-dy Dock-er or some-bod-y who sings at a night club. Here is our host-ess now. No, she is not tight. She is just anx-ious and her make-up is bad. Tell her it is a hea-ven-ly par-ty. No, you must shout it. There—she has heard but won-ders who we are. See the hired but-ler. He seems dis-gust-ed. It looks as if the Smiths have made it up a-gain. How long will it last this time with her hair that queer shade? They are giv-ing us cook-ing sher-ry now. Where do those chaps get the whisk-y from? They are pals of his, of course. Look at the man who is try-ing to light a sau-sage. He is tight and will stay for hours and hours. So will that girl with red hair. There is no get-ting rid of those types. Let us make a move. No, the door is that way. It is no use say-ing *Ex-cuse me*, you must push and push. At last we are out. The noise sounds worse.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

# Mink Coats and Empid Flies

BY NESTA PAIN

**I**T was at some dim period of pre-history, perhaps, that the male Empid fly first began to realize that his mate was apt to be seized with an overpowering desire for food at moments usually dedicated to tenderness. This quirk was a little inconvenient to him. It was, at times, far worse than inconvenient, since—inevitably—he was rather close at hand at such moments, and if he was not very agile and quick off the mark he was likely to satisfy his bride's appetite in his own person.

But love will find a way, and at last one male Empid, more resourceful than his fellows, hit on the idea of approaching his chosen partner bearing gifts—gifts of a crudely satisfying nature and addressed to the stomach rather than the heart.

The custom seems to have spread and soon no male Empid was ever so rash as to go out dancing without first equipping himself with a suitable gift. Dancing is the preliminary to mating among the Empids—dancing in the sunshine in the bright summer air; but since sunshine in this country is so often absent, the intervals between the dances are apt to be long and the male Empid may often be seen perched on a twig as he

awaits the opportunity to press his suit, a fresh-killed head of game clutched to his chest. It says much for his self-control, his determination in love, that he almost never yields to the temptation of having a nibble at it himself.

At last the sun comes out, the dancers take to the air, and into the glittering throng of gyrating females plunges the hopeful suitor. With his joint of meat, so to say, firmly gripped in his arms, he is naturally an attractive figure and has no difficulty in securing a partner. And thanks to his foresight, all now goes well. The female sinks her beak into the love-offering and sucks at it greedily, her appetite becomes blunted and the male is able to make good his escape when the time comes. The female, in fact, is generally far too engrossed by her meal to notice his unobtrusive departure.

Civilization strides on, and a time came when the male Empids, it seems, began to feel it a little crude, a little wanting in good manners, to thrust a hunk of bleeding flesh on to the laps of their beloveds before proceeding to tenderer intimacies. It might be more tasteful, they seem to have thought, a more delicate

attention, if the carcase were tactfully disguised by some kind of wrapping. The nature of the wrapping offered no difficulty for the Empid fly can spin silk from his own body.

And so, in some long-distant past, a male Empid fly first wove gossamer threads into alluring shapes, into balloons and comets and banners, and used them to disguise the crude trophies of the chase. The mangled flies, the mutilated remains, hidden decently away in coverings of finest silk, were transformed into gifts of taste and beauty. It may be added that this advance also had its practical side, for since the female was now obliged to carry out a certain amount of unpacking before setting to on her meal, the male was able to take his leave almost at leisure.

But civilization can never be persuaded to stand still, and the male Empids began to dream of beauty. Indeed they seem to have revolted from the whole idea of offering food as the price of love; or perhaps it was the females who changed and became a little less subject to sudden hunger at inconvenient moments. At all events, the male Empids of one species made a daring innovation.

## FOUR CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF A STATESMAN



"... went to the Neguib's party as a slave girl ..."



and to the Israelis as a minor prophet ...



now the Titos think of me as dear Sir Waldron ...

The females of their kind have the habit of circling slowly round, performing a kind of maypole dance as they wait for the males to seek them out. It is designed, apparently, to catch the attention of the males and cause them to give chase. (It would be anthropomorphic, no doubt, to compare the custom, common among human females, of walking slowly in pairs down village high streets on Sundays.)

The males hurl themselves among the dancers, clutching their little parcels of silk, but now they contain a buttercup stamen, perhaps, or the floret of a daisy, or a bright fragment of a bus ticket. The females are apparently satisfied with these offerings; or it may be that they do not realize their unsubstantial nature until the parcel is unpacked and it is too late to complain. At all events, these males secure partners without difficulty and only the females, it seems, may be left forlorn. It is said that two or three of these may sometimes be seen sadly dancing, unsought and unpartnered, their high hopes dashed, as dusk at last begins to fall.

The next development in the love life of the Empids should be put down, we are convinced, to decadence rather than progress. Perhaps the offering of gifts had proved too successful in distracting the attention of the females, and male Empids had become reckless. Perhaps the



and here I am home again."



"What's it like . . . ?"

easy popularity secured by their gifts had made them forgetful of the desire to please. However that may be, one crafty and mean-minded Empid, a pioneer in deception, at some time or another seems to have calculated on these lines. "Mating, after all," he seems to have thought, "does not take so very long; unpacking a parcel—a cunningly devised parcel of great complication—may well take a good deal longer." He *may* have thought this—although entomologists would undoubtedly assure us that flies are incapable of thought; or the explanation may simply have been that he was lazy and a bad hunter and thought he would take a chance. Whatever the explanation, the facts are clear enough. There are male Empids who have formed the ungenerous habit of spinning the most alluring, the most intriguing, the most superb silken structures which contain—nothing at all. The wrappings are there, but the present is not. And one doubts

whether the female is likely to find adequate consolation in the fact that the wrappings are of the *very* finest silk.

In a world in which villainy is so often triumphant and virtue downcast, it is pleasant to record that this ruse is not always successful. These parsimonious males do indeed succeed in securing mates; but those males which have something substantial to offer succeed a great deal better. The female—or so it has been maintained—has an eye for solid worth in such affairs, and the female Empid appears to be no exception.

#### Half-way There

American television's latest development is a device enabling two programmes to be seen simultaneously on the same screen, one being filtered out by means of adjustable glasses. Critics on this side think the idea could be improved a hundred per cent.

# There are Some Things We do Gib at

**F**RANCO is far from a monster: he is seldom even a nuisance.

He just oughtn't to be there, like a giant sloth or a skunk.

He serves as an irritant reminder of the age of Non-Intervention,

As an irritant scar reminds one of an injury got when drunk.

To have him asking the Queen to stay away from Gibraltar

Is distasteful and slightly incredible; but the feeling is far from strong.

(Imagine the reaction if Dulles deplored her visit to Jamaica,

Or Mao Tse-Tung suggested she should keep away from Hong-Kong.)

Anger dissolves in derision; and what is left of annoyance

Is mainly against oneself for failing from the first to scoff.

It is like being made to jump at the threat of a rubber revolver

By a dirty, unattractive child, who you feel would like it to go off.

The man one's heart goes out to is the Duke de Primo de Rivera,

Who had to make play for what it was an insult even to ask:

The Foreign Secretary no doubt treated him as smooth as treacle;

But as one grandee to another he couldn't have cottoned to the task. P. M. HUBBARD



"I'll take a pound of those."

# Philosophy and the Front Door

BY  
LIONEL HALE

**I**F we accept the concept of philosophy as "the knowledge of things through their highest causes," then at one bound we reject the adverse view of philosophy as mere chimerical speculation, or as a chain of impractical hypothesis. It was not only Aristotle who

Good morning? Yes? You've come what? Oh, Mrs. Beaver can't come and you've dropped round to oblige. Do come in. My word, that's kind of you. No, that's the bathroom. Not at all. And you're Mrs. . . .? Mrs. Jolly. How nice, how very kind of you. And you've never had less than three-and-six an hour. My word, why should you? Here's the kitchen: I'm afraid it's a bit of a—no, it's not my cat. I don't know where it came from, Mrs. Jolly. No, it shouldn't be on the table. My word, I never saw a cat go out of the window faster. Well done! Yes, I've had breakfast. Yes, my word, of course you can see that. And dinner last night, and tea, and lunch yesterday. Well, some of the untidiness is the cat, perhaps. Yes, we bachelors indeed. Well, Mrs. Jolly, I expect you'll find everything you want. I'm just doing a bit of writing. No, I'm not as clever as all that. My word.

*It was not only Aristotle who pointed out that, even in order to prove that philosophy is an illusion and a non-reality, it was necessary for us to philosophize. Scepticism, even when*

Yes, Mrs. Jolly? Not a bit, do come in. You can't find a mop for the dishes? My goodness, that's bad. Have you tried the sink? No? Well, there's just a chance it might be there. And you like honest scrubbing soap, not those synthetic urgent things in packets? My goodness, I'm sorry. My patent leather shoes under the kitchen table? No, I can't think why they're there, and it's not the proper place for them. I agree, my goodness, not at all. Thanks awfully.

*Scepticism, even when the scientists use all its intransigence to assail the philosophical concept, finds itself on philosophical ground.*

*Thus, even a condemnation of the Upanishad*

Don't bother, Mrs. Jolly, I'll go. Good morning to you, too. Do I want any writing paper, pocket knives, combs, or paper-clips? Well, it's awfully good of you to call . . . Ex-Battle-of-Britain pilot? Really, how splendid: you must have been very, very young. Yes, writing paper would be very useful. Five shillings? Oh, I rather . . . Oh, it's ruled. I see, how splendid! There you are. Thanks awfully. Good-bye.

*Thus, even a condemnation of the Upanishad finds itself on ground adjacent to*

Hullo? Yes. No, I haven't got any apple trees. I'm afraid you must have the wrong—oh, you're Apple-trees, the grocers! My gracious, how silly of me, of course you are. My weekly order? Yes, of course. Oh, just the usual things. Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese, ha, ha! No, never mind. Oh, just three or four dozen eggs, and five or six pounds of butter. What, rationed? My gracious, has a war started? Oh, never stopped. I see, that's very good, Appletrees. Tinned stuff all right? I don't really—Sardines, yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. No! No, no cocoa, no cocoa at all . . . All right. One tin of cocoa. Oh, and one bar of honest scrubbing soap. Good-bye.

*on ground adjacent to the monistic idea of the True Absolute. But away with negativism! Let us rather turn to the positivism of the Greek philosophers, Thales and Anaximander and Anaximenes and Appletrees Pythagoras, who*

Front door, Mrs. Jolly. Mrs. Jolly, front door. Never mind, I'll go. Good morning. No, I didn't want a plumber. Oh, there's a tap dripping on to Mrs. Delarue's window-sill below, is there? Yes, do come in, can't have that, my word, no. That's

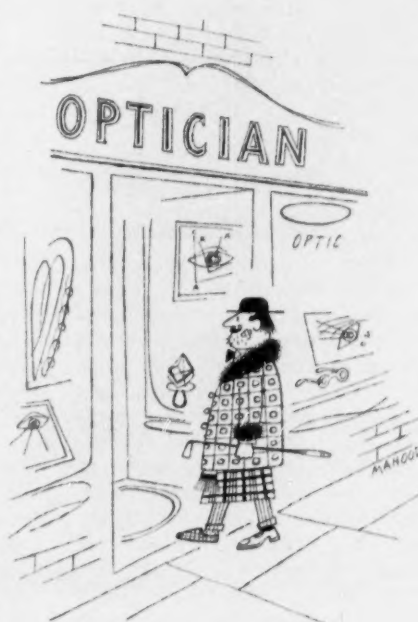
the bathroom. That's Mrs. Jolly. What's that, Mrs. Jolly? No, I can't think why there are three slices of toast in the bath. Not at all the proper place, Mrs. Jolly, you're right. Burned, too. Just do anything you want, plumber. See you later.

*Pythagorus, who all sought the ultimate form of all objects of external apperception. The conclusions of the Eleatic school were challenged by*

Hullo. Yes, I'm speaking. Mrs. Delarue? Oh, Mrs. Delarue, we've met on the stairs. I'm so sorry, gracious me: yes, the plumber's here. Yes, of course it's up to me to pay him. Yes, naturally: as you say, it's my tap. Window-cleaner? Your window-cleaner can't get on? He could be doing my windows instead? What a good idea, how kind. Yes, very neighbourly. Yes, do send him up. Thank you so much, Mrs. Delarue.

*challenged by Heraclitus. This in a way revolutionary thinker, who flourished during*

Yes, Mrs. Jolly? I say, you know, I'm working. Yes, of course, you're working, too: I do beg your pardon, I didn't mean . . . You can't get





"Lovely firewood."

in the bathroom because of the plumber? How about doing the bedroom? You've had a look in and can't think why there's a dustpan and brush in the bed? No, nor can I. Not the proper—All right. All right!

*flourished during the Persian domination of his native town of Ephesus, held that the permanence of things is only apparent*

Front door, Mrs. Jolly! Mrs. Jolly! It's the front door. Can't hear because you've got the wireless on? No, of course, I don't mind you having the wireless on. Music while we work. Pretty little thing, that: ti-tumti-ti-tumti, tira-lay, pom-tiddle-pom. Oh, the door! I'll go. Good morning, window-cleaner. Just start where you like. Here? Well, I was working in here. Still, never mind. You carry on all round me. *only apparent, and taught that "Everything is in a state of flux," and my goodness gracious how right*

*he was! When we come to Pythagoras, whose basic*

What's that, window-cleaner? You can't get any water because the plumber has turned it off? Well, go up to Mrs. Delarue and ask her if you might use her tap. You'll do that, just for me?

*whose basic thesis was the denial of all objectivity, we approach the*

What, Mrs. Jolly? I can't hear for the wireless. You've answered the front door yourself? Fine! It's who? Two gentlemen from the Rating Authority? Oh, come in, gentlemen. Mind that bucket, the window cleaner is . . . Oh, I'm so sorry. You want to measure all the rooms in the flat for rating revaluation? Yes, do carry on. If you want anything, ask Mrs. Pythagoras: I mean, Mrs. Jolly.

*approach the most famous of his dicta, "Man is the measure of all things." In this second Grecian period of plumbing*

That'll be the window-cleaner back again, Mrs. Jolly.

*the Sophists, who were teachers of rhetoric and rating revaluation, brought*

Hullo, speaking. Coming through the ceiling now, is it, Mrs. Delarue? Well, Thales the philosopher held that water is the source of all things. No, I'm not: no, I didn't. You're coming up to see me, right away, Mrs. Descartes?

*brought the doubt of any universally valid truth to the study of window-cleaning*

Yes, by all means put the kettle on, Mrs. Jolly. A nice cup of hemlock all round. There's the front door again. That'll be the piano-tuner, I'm sure. Keep a cup for him, Mrs. Crito.

§ §

"FOR SALE—Chromium plated revolting display Bottle Stand . . ."

*British Guiana paper*

You darling—just what we wanted!

# The Via Moscovia

BY EVOE

SO the Russians are to learn Latin. This dead or dying language, according to a letter in *The Times*, is to creep back into the curriculum of the Middle Schools, beyond the Iron Barrier, either for the sake of culture or for some even stranger end. It may possibly have occurred to the Educational Præsidium, for instance, that all the political news of Europe is still written in the old moribund jargon to confuse or enlighten readers of newspapers all over the world.

"*Commissio neutralium nationum propositionem delegati Scandinavorum rejecit, donec Indianam propositionem consideraverit*" is the kind of sentence that meets the eye every morning when it has finished with the sporting news, and the Russians, I gather, are well accustomed to the eccentricity of case-endings in their own tongue. Anyhow, the youthful tovarich will soon be studying the saga of Balbus the wall-builder, or of Tullius, if he uses the same primer as mine. Tullius (no doubt in honour of Cicero), my man was called, and I once wrote a sequence of his adventures in rhyme, because they seemed to fit so easily into that form.

*The sailor escapes by running;  
The wretched Tullius fears  
The constancy and the cunning  
Of vigorous charioteers.*

*Tullius washes his daughter;  
Sharp frost destroys the pine;  
Many poets drink water,  
Many [drink] wine.*

*The boy is not trained to obey;  
Dost thou, O Tullius,  
[Being] ignorant of the way,  
Point out the way to us?*

*Tullius will soon be present;  
There are some who think he errs;  
Toil is not always pleasant  
To artificers.*

*Scythians inhabit cold regions;  
Philosophers love toil, hate ease;  
Tullius has led two legions  
Across the Euphrates.*

And there was much more that I have forgotten. But I do not think that the tovarich Tullius will be

allowed to indulge in these random and all-too-unprofitable escapades by the Unio Sovietarum Rerumpublicarum Emancipatarum, or whatever the Roman title of Russia is going to be. A sterner task will lie before him, and because I do not know any Russian I shall try to present it in English verse again, as I did in the previous examples.

*Tullius praises the State;  
He works many hours.  
Tullius and his companions hate  
The war-mongering<sup>1</sup> Western<sup>2</sup>  
Powers.*

*The very rich man is a bleeder<sup>3</sup>  
And the friend of cruel kings:  
Tullius follows the leader  
Who gives equal things.*

But the adult pupil, I fancy, will go further than that, and keep more closely in touch with contemporary affairs.

*All Germany is divided  
Into two parts  
Nothing will be decided  
Before the Conference<sup>4</sup> starts.*

*The very good Tullius has stated  
To many friends  
That nothing will have eventuated<sup>5</sup>  
When the Conference ends.*

One can merely adumbrate, of course, the lines on which this simple but agreeable education will proceed. But any English boy or girl who is afflicted by Latin may hope to have a little pen-friend (*Comes epistolarius*) beyond the iron wall of Balbus by this time next year.

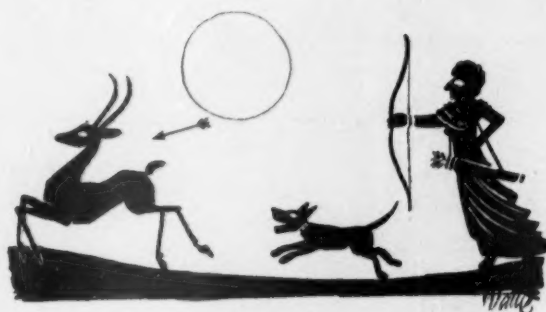
<sup>1</sup>Bellicosæ. <sup>2</sup>Occidentales. <sup>3</sup>Sanguinolentus.  
<sup>4</sup>Concilium. <sup>5</sup>Rem fore infectam.

## "ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE WASHING FACILITIES FOR SOLICITORS"

Since October 12, facilities have been provided in the cloakroom in the Main Hall at the Royal Courts of Justice so that solicitors attending the Courts may wash. It is understood from the Lord Chancellor's Office that these facilities are experimental, and if not used to any appreciable extent may be discontinued at the end of three months."

*Law Society's Gazette*

We'd make a court order.



# THE CAPTAINS AND THE KINGS RETURN



# IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT

## Tuesday, January 19

During questions the Opposition demonstrated their curious pleasure in embarrassing senior members of the Forces whenever they can do so. General "Mike" West undoubtedly spoke too hastily when he said in his broadcast that there had been "several" courts-martial for cowardice in Korea; but once the War Office had made the actual position clear, what was the point of taking the matter any further? And why the sudden concern about whether correspondents were told about the trials? Did Opposition Members find the heartbreaking proceedings over Fusilier Lydon so elevating that they would like to see the same degree of publicity accorded to other soldiers whose nerve went in battle? Or is there a suggestion that courts-martial, being conducted by officers, are in some way bound up with the class war?

It was the same outlook that led Mr. WOODROW WYATT to ask Sir WINSTON CHURCHILL whether the decision to adopt the Belgian F.N. rifle were not "entirely due to the weakness of the Prime Minister" in not standing up to the Americans for something he knew to be right. Sir WINSTON, in a mood anything but weak, answered with a bland smile "I am quite ready that it should be attributed to me, and whether Mr. Wyatt attributes it to weakness or to wisdom" (pause) "I am entirely indifferent."

The debate was on the Agriculture (Miscellaneous Provisions) Bill, an *omnium gatherum* of useful little measures which the Government brought forward in lieu of a long-term policy. It was, as the Opposition admitted, a bill to which they could take no exception; but that did not stop them from playing politics over it. When Mr. ARCHER BALDWIN (surely one of the famous farming Archers) complained mildly of this, Mr. GEORGE BROWN called across the House "What's the House of Commons for?" As none of the twelve members present told him, and as he has been a Member for only nine years, Mr. BROWN might like to know: it is for the just and expeditious government of the nation, of which process politics are an unfortunate by-product.

## Wednesday, January 20

As soon as Conservative Members began to ask the Assistant Postmaster General questions about the frequencies to be allotted to competitive television, Opposition Members raised the bogey of personal pecuniary interest. The Speaker, who, one would have said, had settled this argument for good before Christmas, reminded them of his decision, and the shouts died away into a dissatisfied rumble.

The Government was bold in going ahead with the money resolution for the Housing Repairs and Rents Act with so many empty seats paring down its slender majority. What with illness, and translation to other places, and the Brown Knees Brigade marching over Africa and other outposts of what used to be called Empire, the Government's majority seemed likely to have dropped to a single figure. The Opposition were, on the whole, reconciled to a measure that a short time ago Mr. HERBERT MORRISON stigmatized as a device for "turning local authorities into slum landlords"; instead, they concentrated on attacking the financial provision for it, which Mr. MACMILLAN modestly considered revolutionary and Mr. BEVAN "petty larceny." When, after the division, the tellers lined up before the Table, Mr. BUCHAN-HEPBURN and Sir CEDRIC DREWE were the delighted expressions of children who had expected oranges in their Christmas stockings and found sonic beam-disintegrators. What they had found was a majority of forty-four.

This over, at half-past seven, the whole business began afresh over the Scottish Bill. Forty-three this time.

## Thursday, January 21

The British Lion's tail came in for some twisting during the Lords' debate on the Second Reading of the Cinematograph Films Production Bill; Lord LUCAS OF CHILWORTH even hinted that the patient beast should be nationalized. Lord MANCROFT, speaking with all the authority of "the back row of the three-and-sixpennies," called it a goose that laid occasional, not very large, golden eggs.

House of Lords:  
Cinema Finance  
House of Commons:  
Mines and Quarries

In the Commons, Miss HORSBROUGH made a statement on salary increases for teachers, which Mr. ANTHONY HURD thought was to be "strongly recommended," and Mr. RALPH MORLEY thought would "meet with the opposition of the vast majority of the teaching profession." The House then turned its attention to the Second Reading of the Mines and Quarries Bill. Although Mr. BEVAN, still in the cantankerous mood he had put on for the housing debate on Wednesday, called it "a rotten Bill, lacking ingenuity, originality and daring," few of his side went quite so far. Mr. ROY MASON, who has a lifetime of underground work to recommend his opinions on the subject, epitomized Opposition opinion when he said that "he agreed with the Bill in general" and hoped that the Committee stage would further improve it. The debate went on until—

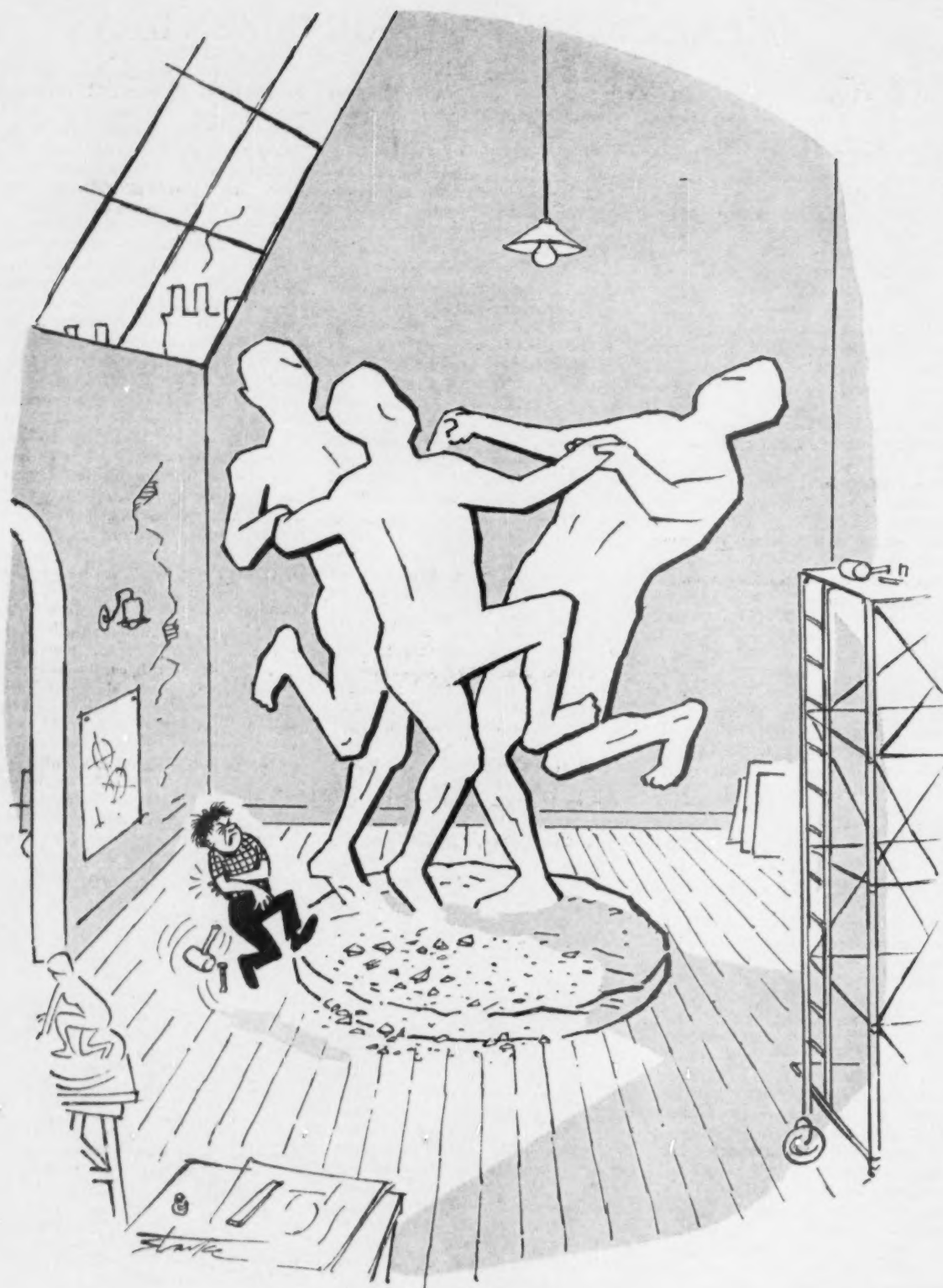
## Friday, January 22

Throughout the debate it has been heartening to see how the points of view of management and men equally have been put by both sides with a reasonableness and realism that stems from the conviction that the Bill is an honest attempt to better the lives of deserving men; that, whatever its shortcomings now, hard work in Committee will lick it into shape. This rare mood is one that does honour to the House; more's the pity the House so seldom shows it.

B. A. YOUNG



"It's no use going that way, you can't get out!"





## BOOKING OFFICE

### Eyed by Mr. Eliot

I HAVE always believed that the satisfactions to be gained from editing a Little Review are first an altruistic feeling that one is helping on the Arts and next a not ignoble hope of going down in history as a talented talent-spotter. It seems there are less obvious satisfactions than these. In his Message to the first number of *The London Magazine* Mr. T. S. Eliot mentions his own editorship of *The Criterion* and says: "During seventeen years, I knew which lovers of literature, amongst those who could afford to pay the subscription, were subscribers, and which were not." Now Mr. Lehmann, and Mr. Spender over at *Encounter*, are in the know and Mr. Eliot is excluded, unless in filial kindness to him they let him look over their lists of customers.

With a quality periodical deliberately appealing to a restricted audience, a very industrious editor might memorize the names of his public and then run through the list in his head whenever a lover of literature came his way. Mr. Eliot more probably worked in reverse. Beginning with lovers of literature, —a limited number alas—he first deducted those who could not afford the subscription. I am not quite sure how he made up his mind about this, but he was once in a bank and may have received some training. Having arrived at a short list, he checked it against the names of the rag, tag and bobtail who actually bought *The Criterion*, many of whom were likely to be merely aping a love of literature in order to appear chic; they may even have been doctors' receptionists tiring of the *Sporting and Dramatic* and *Picture Post*.

Mr. Eliot has a name for fineness of manners and I cannot believe that he betrayed his knowledge by any overt act, though there may have been an ironical lift of an eyebrow when a non-subscriber gushed over

Great Writers, a gentle disengagement of attention when one said she had been trying ever so hard to get a copy of *From Ritual to Romance* from her library. The temptation must have been much less to be rude to the goats than to confide in the sheep, to stand in the corner at a literary party and mutter to a life subscriber that the man who has just announced his willingness to die for the Novel as an Art-form was only a borrower, especially when it could be followed with "Inherited



thirty thousand from an aunt, and there's coal under his home paddock."

By the way, what happened about lovers of literature who could not afford the subscription but nevertheless subscribed? Did Mr. Eliot talk to them like a fatherly bank manager, urging them to write down their income and expenditure on the same piece of paper? Did he say that they had proved their devotion and sign them up for enough contributions to pay for their sub? Did he consider that they were amply repaid by his own contributions and turn his fascinated attention to the goats?

Later on Mr. Eliot says, "A subscription, it must be remembered, is not merely an act of financial support but a declaration of moral

support." Mr. Eliot's non-subscribers revealed not just meanness but far deeper moral flaws. He goes on to claim that if we do not subscribe to *The London Magazine* "the outlook for our civilization is all the more sombre."

As this new venture is backed by the *Daily Mirror*, edited by one of the most successful living editors, costs much the same as magazines of similar size, and has received a warm welcome from the Press, it ought to pay its way; it ought not to run into debt to the composers and paper-makers, and might well have something left in the kitty to pay a bit to the contributors. The contents of the first number show it to be a kind of Third Programme *Cornhill*, and in addition to its intrinsic merits it should appeal nostalgically to readers who remember when Mr. MacNeice and Mr. Plomer and Miss Bowen and other contributors were esoteric. Mr. Eliot seems to suggest that it will be bought mainly as a duty: it would be a pity if it sold not on its considerable merits but in response to a kind of blackmail.

What is the position now? Is Mr. Lehmann going about London savouring the knowledge that he could make some of his fellow-guests into pariahs? I bought my own copy at a bookstall. If I give the news-agent an order will he let the editor have my name? If not, could he issue me with a badge? *Encounter*, no doubt, creates similar problems. It is backed by The Congress for Cultural Freedom and has a vaguely Anglo-American flavour. Not to subscribe to it might attract a very cold eye indeed. To be safe one should subscribe to both the new magazines, yet what happens about the lover of literature who would be passed by Mr. Eliot as able to afford only one? Would it be more uncomfortable to have one's shabby secret known by Mr. Lehmann or Mr. Spender?

*Penguin New Writing* was usually interesting though sometimes worthy

and unreadable; *Horizon* was never unreadable but sometimes unintelligible and gradually generated a slight xenophobia in its readers. *The London Magazine* is obviously aimed at a public that has been taught by them to enjoy a lively and intelligent successor. To buy it might be agreeable or even sensible. Heaven forbid that subscribing should ever become the contemporary equivalent of Voluntary Chapel.

R. G. G. PRICE

**British Politics Since 1900.** D. C. Somervell. *Dakers*, 15/-

"The N.U.T., like all Trade Unions, was more interested in the careers of its members than in the quality of the service they gave to the community. Just as the candlestick-makers' union is more concerned that the makers of candlesticks should wax fat than that the rest of us should get good cheap candlesticks, so the N.U.T. was more concerned that as many as possible of its members should rise to the inspectorate than that the schools should have the best inspectorate available."

"Most people never knew when they were ill until someone invented a machine for recording their temperatures, and few people suffered sleepless nights over the unemployment problem—except, of course, the unemployed—until unemployment insurance made possible the weekly publication of their number." Polite

titters from the back-bench of the History Sixth as it is realized that the Master is making a joke—titters which are renewed when they are told that Campbell-Bannerman was "a jolly old boy." But it is a pity. For the book is interesting and would be quite funny if only the jokes were left out.

C. H.

**The Life of Joseph Addison.** Peter Smithers. *Clarendon Press*, 35/-

Voltaire told Boswell that he considered Addison a supreme genius, and such was the general view of the eighteenth century. The Victorians, of whom Addison himself was temperamentally one, born out of his time, also thought highly of him. As boys, it was one of the mysteries of life to many of us why he was always held up for admiration by all schoolmasters. Sir Roger de Coverley always seemed much too good to be true. Nowadays it is scarcely possible to understand why Addison was ever so revered. A moderately successful politician and placeman, a smooth writer of prose, he was a great person for remaining "on the safe side" in all he touched.

Mr. Peter Smithers has produced a detailed and painstaking biography, which has the merit that the author himself likes the subject. One cannot help feeling that much literary smugness, sentimentality, and unheroic avoidance of unpleasant or awkward

points is to be laid at Addison's door. All the same he is interesting to read about.

A. P.

**A Single Pilgrim.** Norman Lewis. *Cape*, 12/6

With this admirably business-like novel about Siamese Laos, Mr. Lewis returns to fiction without abandoning the methods of his political travel books. It is still the Lewis world. The detail is always interesting and often entertaining, but, like the curly adequate character-drawing, it is never allowed to hold up the story, which is part of the larger story in which we are living. It is a pleasant change to find timber concessions and negotiations with Oriental governments and the cold war getting more attention in a modern novel than private relationships.

The driving force behind the hero, the manager of an English company, is the desire to seek out and overcome difficulties efficiently, and looming the other side of Asiatic dilatoriness and casualness is the rival desire for efficiency that drives the Communist leaders. Efficiency as a human aim has rather died out of English fiction since Bennett. Mr. Lewis realizes that for some men it can replace sex, and it is by such men that the history of Asia is made.

R. G. G. P.

**The Goodwin Sands.** George Goldsmith Carter. *Constable*, 12/6

The Goodwin Sands have consistently maintained their sinister reputation throughout the centuries between Shakespeare's reference to them as "a very dangerous flat and fatal" and the decision of certain American naval authorities during World War II that pilotage fees in the English Channel were a sheer waste of money, only to learn by hard experience that modern navigational aids have not yet robbed the Goodwins of their terrors.

Mr. Carter, whose two and a half years in the North Goodwin Lightship qualify him admirably to deal with his subject, does so in all its aspects, its legends, its history, its wrecks, its ghosts, of which it is perhaps surprising that there are not more, and not least the exploits of the Deal hovellers who in their stout luggers gleaned a perilous livelihood from the dreaded Sands, and on occasion carried out the work of rescue which now falls to the life-boatman's lot. It is something of a coincidence that a chronicle which opens with the quotation from Shakespeare already referred to should close with the wreck of an Italian vessel. Was her owner, one wonders, conceivably called Antonio?

C. F. S.

**Collected Poems of Charlotte Mew.** Duckworth, 10/6

In that lifetime she herself ended Charlotte Mew held a paradoxical position among the Georgians. Unlike



many of them she was averse from publicity. Unlike even more of them she was a good, and from the beginning a successful poet. Add to these factors her limited output (this definitive volume contains sixty poems) and it is easy to see why to-day her work is much anthologized and little known.

The biographical note contributed by her close friend Mrs. Harold Monro is sympathetic and gives many but not very critical details of the strange, shy woman who wrote *The Farmer's Bride*. Much of Charlotte Mew's poetical thought is rather commonplace; its expression is seldom banal, and there comes flash after flash of beauty from stray lines.

R. C. S.

**The Persian Carpet.** A survey of the carpet-weaving industry of Persia by A. Cecil Edwards. *Duckworth*, 10 guineas

We used to be taught that Persian carpets contained motifs that had come down unchanged from painted pottery of the fourth millennium B.C. Mr. A. Cecil Edwards dispels that illusion. Most of the places in Persia that make carpets have not been doing so for more than seventy years, some of them not more than ten. The Persian carpet as we know it is a deliberate revival, and at the beginning of the nineteenth century Sir John Malcolm did not think it worth mentioning among the arts of the country.

The early Victorians, with their passion for coloured wool in the home, had to buy their carpets second-hand till the rebirth of the industry at Tabriz in the early eighties. The odd thing is that this rebirth carried the seeds of its own death, for from the very beginning European firms supplied Persia with the cheap acid dyes known as aniline, which run like the red lettering in seaside rock. And now the march of science has, of course, provided something worse. The new imported chrome dyes, says Mr. Edwards, not only stand up to washing but they defeat time and refuse to tone down.

Oddly enough, Mr. Edwards, who died before this great book was published, having known Persia and the carpet industry for fifty years, refused to be depressed by foreign dyes, machine-made yarns, dishonest double knotting and bastard designs. He thought that the versatility of the Persian weaver was as good as ever, and he deliberately chose the vast intricate Kermans of the nineteen-forties for many of his illustrations. I wish I could like them.

G. R.



## AT THE PLAY

*No Other Verdict* (Duchess)  
*Housemaster* (St. Martin's).

THE present movement to merge the London theatre in the Old Bailey takes another fillip from *No Other Verdict*, a hybrid crime play by JACK



X . . . The Body

Paul Barclay—MR. RICHARD LEECH

John Wilding—MR. JOHN ARNATT

Susan Barclay—MISS ELSIE RANDOLPH

[No Other Verdict]

ROFFEY in which police inquiries alternate with brief shots of the case in court, judge and counsel appearing at one side of a multiple set, when the audience becomes the jury. This method gives the author extra freedom in time and space that he uses intelligently, but the fragmentary court scenes are less dramatic than the conventional action they interrupt, and I came away wondering why the whole story should not have been left in the unusually capable hands of the Superintendent.

At first his problem appears a piece of forensic cake, although socially he is embarrassed to be a friend of the suspected murderer. Everything points to this character, a tough explorer who is being blackmailed and habitually carries a twelve-bore in his car. And yet, if I may let no more than a kitten out of the bag, one cannot help observing that he is engaged to the kind of girl seldom cheated by the gallows in this kind of play. Queer things have been happening in his converted water-mill. Papers have been unaccountably moved, and for some time he has had a sense, he declares, of being watched. The case against him is tensely built up, but our suspicion that it is a little too good hardens by the last act, and then we are simply guessing. Mr. ROFFEY sees to it that we go on doing so. This final phase of uncertainty is less exciting, but like the rest of the play it hangs together ingeniously.

Characters in murder plays commonly come out of a chessbox, but even the pawns are brought to life in HUGH CRUTTWELL's carefully natural production. The Superintendent, in whom good manners mask a ruthlessly astute mind, is capably played by

JOHN ARNATT, RICHARD LEECH as the explorer gives the useful impression that he would not stop at much, STUART LINDSELL is an enviable family solicitor and CHARLES LLOYD PACK confidently carries the drinks. On the first night there was a gale of coughing that must have reached at least Force 9 in the Beaufort Scale, and several important lines rashly spoken away from the audience were sunk without trace.

*Housemaster* is a tremendously English play, which would utterly defeat adaptation for any foreign stage. That an invasion of tomboy girls from Paris could turn a boys' public school upside down without a hint of impropriety is an idea too native to travel, and it required all IAN HAY's tact and dexterity to make it plausible. In the original 1936 production he brought it off, because his observation of the school and its life sounded so many accurate echoes that he was able to persuade us that all the rest might have happened.

The basic fun remains, but the play appears dated and its improbabilities hit one in the eye. This is due partly to the passage of time and partly to weaknesses in JACK HULBERT's production. Nowadays it seems an odd public school where the smaller boys wear shorts and the middle-sized ones grow moustaches; but more serious is to make the headmaster a figure of farce. Unless he is a credible monster one of the main-springs snaps, and although MAURICE DURANT makes him quite amusing we can no longer work up the necessary hate.

His staff is more impressive. Any parent would gladly entrust his son to JACK HULBERT's hawk-eyed but

humane housemaster. Mr. HULBERT comes through the first two acts delightfully, but in the storms of the third a sharper attack needs to be added to the immense personal charm which he is now turning to straight acting. JULIAN D'ALBIE's portrait of a Common Room blimp is perfect; WINIFRED SHOTTER seemed to me less at ease with the intolerably demanding aunt who leads the invasion. Far the best of the young people is MALCOLM WEBSTER, as the precocious oaf, who borrows one of Maurice Denham's voices and uses it with a nice sense of timing.

#### Recommended

HIDEOUS youth can be recaptured in *The Boy Friend* (Wyndham's), a haunting pastiche of the musicals of the 1920s. *A Question of Fact* (Piccadilly) and *A Day by the Sea* (Haymarket) easily lead the new straight plays. ERIC KEOWN

#### AT THE PICTURES

*How to Marry a Millionaire*  
*Le Fruit Défendu*

PRESUMABLY not in everybody's view, but certainly in mine, the second CinemaScope picture is very much better and more enjoyable than the first. (Perhaps, since I still keep finding unexpected ignorance about this earth-shaking matter, I had better explain once more that CinemaScope is the real wide-screen system: films are made with and shown through a special lens and designed for a concave screen two and a half times as wide as it is high. The ordinary "wide screen" shows ordinary films, bigger than usual but with the top and bottom shaved off.)

The curious thing is that on the face of it, *How to Marry a Millionaire*

(Director: JEAN NEGULESCO) is not at all the kind of thing one would expect to be suited to the CinemaScope method, whereas *The Robe* was. The new piece is a flippant, amusing comedy based on stage plays and without any real excuse for the spectacular panoramic views that the wide screen makes particularly impressive. What one enjoys, in fact, is almost exactly what one would enjoy even if the film were shown on an unusually small TV screen; the important point is that one enjoys it.

To be sure, opportunities are made for such imposing sights as a panorama of New York's skyscrapers seen from the harbour, an aerial view of New York under snow, the runway seen from a plane coming in to land, and so forth (some of these scenes, as well as at least one of the interiors, we saw in the demonstration programme last July); but the story is concerned with three gold-digging girls who mean to marry millionaires and set out quite systematically to do so, pooling their resources, taking an expensive flat and doing their best to avoid any emotional entanglements not sanctified by money.

As the three mercenary charmers MARILYN MONROE, LAUREN BACALL and BETTY GRABLE make an excellent comedy team; Miss BACALL, as the boss or organizer of the group, has most to do, but each of the three is involved with her own two men, and the three episodes are ingeniously intermingled and well played. There is a great deal of sparkling dialogue, though the satire is never really acid—for of course they are all essentially nice girls. All marry in the end for love, and the brainy one gets a bonus: her man, to everyone's stupefaction, turns out to be a millionaire.

This would be pleasurable (though trivial) entertainment without any CinemaScope fuss at all, and it is most

entertaining when there are no technical distractions. I certainly don't see the point of beginning and ending with a vast panorama of the Twentieth Century Fox Symphony Orchestra in action.

*Forbidden Fruit*, or *Le Fruit Défendu* (Director: HENRI VERNEUIL), is not as has been suggested FERNANDEL's first serious film; something over two years ago we saw him doing very well with the part of the tormented central character in *Meurtres*. That, if I remember, was a doctor; here he plays another, equally tormented but for different reasons, and allowed—in defiance of the Simenon novel *Lettre à Mon Juge* on which the story is based—what might be called a happy ending.

The doctor is middle-aged, with a wife and family, when he becomes infatuated with a shallow-minded young girl and even gets to the stage of bringing her into his household. All seems set for the tragedy that the novel describes; but in the film he realizes in time what is coming, and draws back. This piece has not the depth or character of the best French films, but it is well enough done to be worth while and has much more to recommend it than the mere interest of watching FERNANDEL in a serious dramatic part.

#### Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London: *The Moon is Blue* (20/1/54) and *The Million Pound Note* (13/1/54) are highly enjoyable in their different ways. *Julius Caesar* (18/11/53) and *M. Hulot's Holiday* (25/11/53) continue.

Most interesting releases are *The Heart of the Matter* (4/11/53) and *From Here to Eternity* (25/11/53)—neither quite satisfactory, but both well made, with excellent acting performances.

RICHARD MALLETT



Pola—MARILYN MONROE

(Average female box-office unit drawn in relative proportion)

(How to Marry a Millionaire)



#### AT THE BALLET

Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas (STOLL)

THE Marquis DE CUEVAS, directeur général of the company bearing his name, has assembled a troupe of excellent dancers, including such gifted exponents of the classical tradition as the Misses ROSELLA HIGHTOWER and MARJORIE TALLCHIEF, who at Covent Garden a year or two ago did so much to commend American ballet to English balletomanes. Mr. GEORGE SKIBINE is also of the company, along with Mr. SERGE GOLOVINE, a young man of spectacular accomplishment. These, with a second quartet and some thirty other dancers, have between them talent enough to give a highly proficient and well diversified display of dancing.

That, in effect, is what was to be seen at the Stoll Theatre where, on the opening night of the present season, it was significant that the outstanding success was scored by Miss HIGHTOWER's and Mr. GOLOVINE's rendering of the familiar "Black Swan" *pas de deux* from Tchaikovsky's *Lac de Cygnes*. They performed it with such dazzling certainty and speed as to dare admirers to hold their applause until the end. But of poetic feeling there was none. It would not have been out of place in a circus ring.

Much technical prowess was likewise shown in the rest of the programme, which consisted of three works new to London; but except in the last, *Prisoner of the Caucasus*, based by Mr. SKIBINE on a poem of Pushkin's and with music by Kachaturian, the art of the ballet flickered and wilted. *La Tertulia*, by ANA RICARDA, turning on the rivalries of a Spanish and a French dancer, has a promising theme which does not mature, and a backstage setting in a theatre in Madrid a hundred years ago, with which the decorator, Mr. CAPULETTI, has done nothing to intrigue the eye. As the dancer from Paris, Miss JACQUELINE MOREAU contributes independent dash and sparkle to a languid occasion.

*Dona Ines de Castro*, also by Miss RICARDA, is a tragic love-story wherein the sting of death has been genteelly sublimated, leaving the stage to Miss HIGHTOWER and Mr. SKIBINE for the brilliant display of their virtuosity.

With Mr. SKIBINE's own ballet, in which he has the part of an escaped Russian prisoner with whom a young Caucasian girl falls in love, we soon become aware of a work of art clearly planned and precise in its disciplines and limitations. In Mr. SKIBINE dramatic force and pathos take command, and Miss TALLCHIEF eloquently conveys the conflicting emotions of the young girl distraught at losing her lover in helping him to escape, and so conscious of her treachery to her country that she kills herself.

So ended on a high note an evening which earlier suggested that the company was limbering up for the arrival to-morrow of *prima ballerina assoluta* ALICIA MARKOVA, who is to give us Pavlova's *Dying Swan* and her own incomparable *Giselle*.

C. B. MORTLOCK



## AT THE GALLERY

Flemish Art. 1300-1700.  
(ROYAL ACADEMY)

(Closes March 5)

THIS exhibition of over six hundred works, mainly paintings but including illuminated manuscripts and some drawings, fills to repletion the walls of the Royal Academy galleries. The mere contemplation of the catalogue—itsself admirable—may, like that of some very profuse restaurant



"I wish he'd leave the bandstand occasionally!"

menu, reduce the visitor to a hopeless state of indecision as to where to begin the gargantuan meal lying ahead. For convenience the works may be put, roughly, into three groups, with some overlappings and odd ends.

First, the artists of the fifteenth century, mainly religious in subject: their pictures are frequently (though by no means always) small and densely packed with detail and incident, which in the hands of Memling, Mabuse, Gerard David, Matsys, Roger Van der Weyden, and many others, some anonymous, never become trivial because of the basic ability of these masters to distinguish the wood from the trees. The convention of employing a simple medium light, then prevailing in European painting, enables the attention to centre on the shapes of the main objects depicted, and the coloured silhouettes and patterns formed by their placing in regard to each other, or sometimes to a background of architecture, sky, or landscape. Clarity of thought and execution only partly explains the magic exercised by this school.

The second, sophisticated, renaissance group is almost entirely dominated by the personalities of Rubens and his satellite Van Dyck; many portraits of the latter being shown to great advantage in Gallery III, the place of honour. Less robust and varied in mood than his master Rubens, his excellence as a drawing-room and court painter is proved here as effectively as it is in the "double cube" room at Wilton House in Wiltshire. Two outstanding still-lives by Snyders, in superb condition (Nos.

209 and 211) claim mention, and are a joy to those who take pleasure in virtuosity. A fine testimony to the vast scope of Rubens—which is sometimes forgotten—could be obtained by the selection of half a dozen works from the many which bear his name at the Academy. Compare, for instance, the swashbuckling (in manner) portrait of the Emperor Maximilian in armour (No. 172) with the ethereal, thirty inches almost square, full-length painting of a seated girl in a green dress (No. 193 from Dulwich). Then add to these his sumptuous nude (No. 177 from Dulwich) and two other figure compositions, the "Landscape with St. George and the Dragon" (No. 191) and a small highly finished project for a larger work (No. 205), and his place as a superman among artists is surely once more confirmed.

In the large residue are to be found a number of first-class paintings: they include the fascinating and sinister picture of Mad Greta charging the gates of Hell, by Pieter Breughel the elder (No. 311), and some spacious country scenes by Teniers the younger. Both the manuscripts and drawings more than merit their inclusion in an exhibition of much splendour.

APRIAN DAINTRY



## ON THE AIR

From the Troubles of the World . . .

MOST viewers, I imagine, will be eager to welcome Peter Scott back to the studio after his trip to the frozen north and the breeding-grounds of his wild feathered friends.

Our feathered friends: for in his last programme on "Wild Geese and Wild Ducks" this admirable lecturer succeeded in transmitting part of his unbounded enthusiasm even to the least ornithological of his students. He began nervously, hesitantly, feeling for contact in an over-long verbal introduction, but soon he was in complete control, and his easy commentary on the telefilm recordings and his own delightful sketches blended to make an instructive and exciting session.

We were given a detailed description in film, diagram and word of the amazing contraption by which ducks were once lured to their fate and are now netted for inspection and ringing, and better still, we were able to see these flighty visitors in the full beauty of winged freedom. But it was a mistake surely to add that final conjurer's trick of producing a real live duck from its packing-case and then to launch it with overheated wings and fluttering heart into the gloom of a London night. This was a moment of excessive dramatization and it almost ruined my evening.

Terence Rattigan's *The Deep Blue Sea* has been hailed as a masterpiece, "the finest post-war play," and it certainly made wonderful television entertainment last week, but I do not believe that a piece containing so many improbabilities can ever be sufficiently convincing to warrant such sustained and extravagant histrionics. The woman tries to commit suicide and fails and the next day she becomes involved in numerous highly-emotional "scenes" with her lover, her husband, her landlady and various residents of



Mr. Peter Scott and friends.

the seedy boarding-house, yet no-one takes action to prevent a recurrence of her crime. She is penniless (except for a few shillings for the gas), her lover has left her, her husband (a judge) has suddenly abandoned all hope of a reconciliation, and the poor bereft creature is left all alone with the aspirin and the gas-fire. Good theatre, yes; but no masterpiece. Do intelligent and attractive married women really fall for congenital nitwits? And if they do, is there no limit to their infatuation? Miss Googie Withers did her best—a very good best—to prove that there is not, until at the eleventh hour she was restored to sanity by a word of praise for her water-colours.

I enjoyed this play for its wry humour—the ghoulish insensitiveness of the lover (Kenneth More) and the stuffiness of the junior Civil Servant—much more than for its contrived suspense and atmosphere.

Another television play of merit was *The Dashing White Sergeant*, a conventional comedy of manners set in

the aristocratic hielands. Miss Janette Scott, a youngster of captivating charm, gave a delicious performance as the spoiled but winsome Fiona, only daughter of the stiff but bending laird; and Brian Grattan, as the rich and adolescent American, Bud Firth, made the most of a small yet difficult rôle. I shall be surprised if this play does not repeat the remarkable success of *Dial "M" for Murder*.

Good things in plenty . . . and of course bad. Good circus (Jack Hylton's from Earl's Court), good documentaries on "The Head-hunters of South America" and the problems of an ageing population, good wrestling, good cabaret (Rosemary Clooney and Jose Ferrer in as close a televised clinch as we are ever likely to see), good old Jupiter in close-up . . . and bad music-hall, poor interviewing (Joan Gilbert's diary has reached the "And so to bed" stage), a poor "Press Conference" on trade unions and strikes, and a sickening half-hour of screaming violins in "Mantovani and his New Music."

Finally a word of praise for steam radio and for Jim Swanton's reports from Kingston, Jamaica, on the first Test. Atmospherics or no atmospherics, he has managed to make his expert analysis of each day's play entirely audible and evocative. When cricket commentators have bad news for me I am in no mood usually to praise their microphone manner, but Swanton and his West Indian henchman have roused my appreciative faculties even from the pit of misery.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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**P**ORRIDGE-FANCYING SASSENACH used to getting own breakfast but disinclined for early rising (wife stays in bed for hours), has domestic appliance reconciling situation. Effortless porridge, made while you sleep. Details please write.

**C**HICKS SAVED from freezing when three days old. Pheasants' eggs hatched out safely. Cooker which did all this also pampered pedigree piglet with pneumonia. Details please write.

**M**AN, domesticated, country-loving, 36, — habitual good trencherman and even gourmet in spite of unpredictable meal-times, wishes to recommend remarkably undemanding and complaisant household appliance which is secret of his meals always being in perfect condition, however late he comes in. Details please write.

**B**ANKER IN HEAVEN when customers who 'cannot afford' to save money by putting in modern household equipment, finally take the plunge and find that famous household appliance which does all the cooking and water-heating and costs 1/- a day to run, 1/6 a day to buy, is a great luxury that not only appears to save money but really does so. Details please write.

**L**ADY HOUSEHUNTER, impetuous, apt to be L quixotic, having bought notable heat-storage cooker and house attached thereto, now finds that house has two bedrooms too few and is prepared to sell it at a loss, but stubbornly refuses to be parted from divine heat-storage cooker. Details please write.

**G**RANDFATHER (retired), discovering that source of his fascination for adored young grandson is that he can take his teeth out to brush them, and who also (since they are very new 'teeth') finds it easier to eat without them, has chanced upon acceptable excuse for staying with grandson and mumbling food there on basis that grandson's mother has cooker which makes meat tenderer than any other. Other grandfathers in similar predicament invited share secret. Details please write.

**C**APABLE CHAR, used to telephone, trustworthy, strong, found no difficulty in Hire-Purchasing famous heat-storage cooker-and-water-heater, enthusiastically recommended it to three ladies for whom she 'did', with result that she now 'does' for four ladies because new cooker saved so much work to original three! Details please write.

**C**LERGYMAN, with regularly Churchgoing wife, no children of housekeeping age, no servant, for years accustomed to unwelcome cold meats for Sunday luncheon, now instead feasts royally on hot roast joint and full appointments, puddings, etc. Heartening change due solely to heat-storage cooker which carries on imperturbably in wife's absence. Considers this appliance would not only comfort brother-Clergy in like circumstances, but, in hands of laity, should markedly improve Church attendance. Details please write.

**D**AIRY FARMERS — please note. Batch of 20 calves reared on dairy farm where all fresh milk needed for human consumption. Must feed calves on milk substitute; have to have 10 gallons of steaming water to mix with each feed. This always ready in 30-gallon side tank of famous heat-storage cooker. Never fails. Result — milk and beef for national food drive. Details please write.

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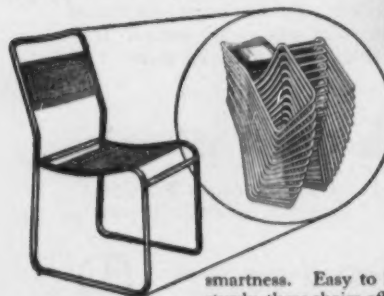
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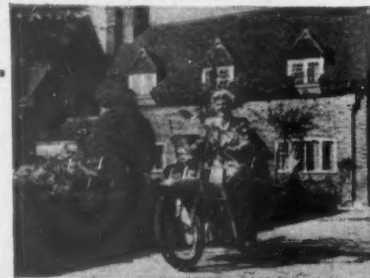
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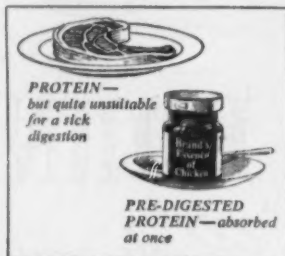
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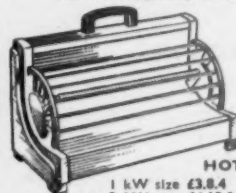
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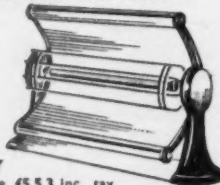


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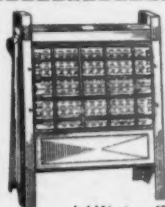
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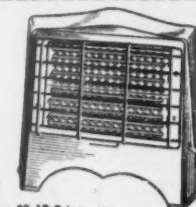
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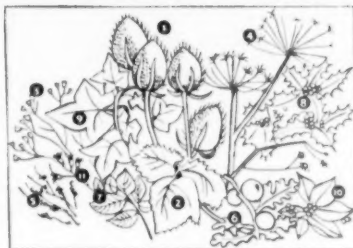
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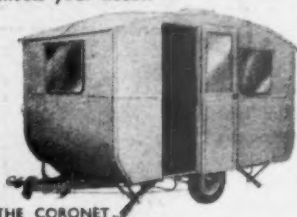
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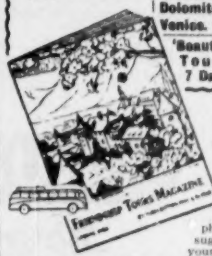
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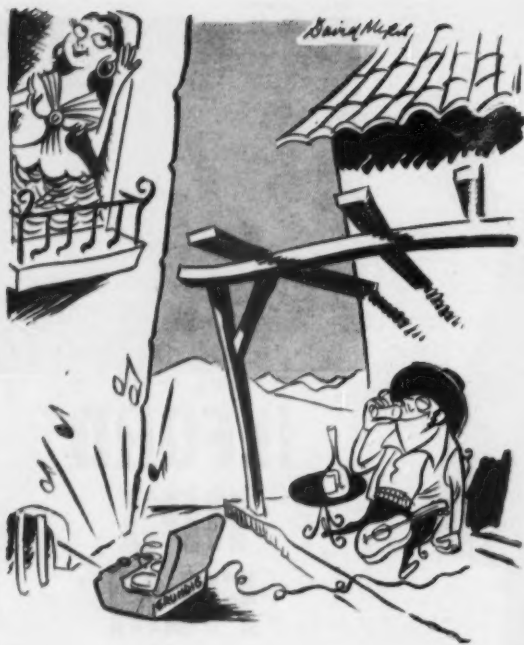
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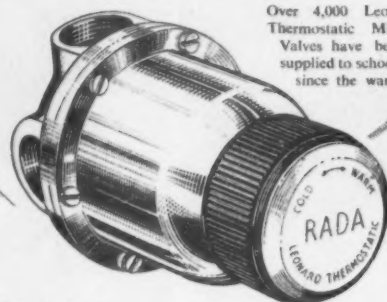
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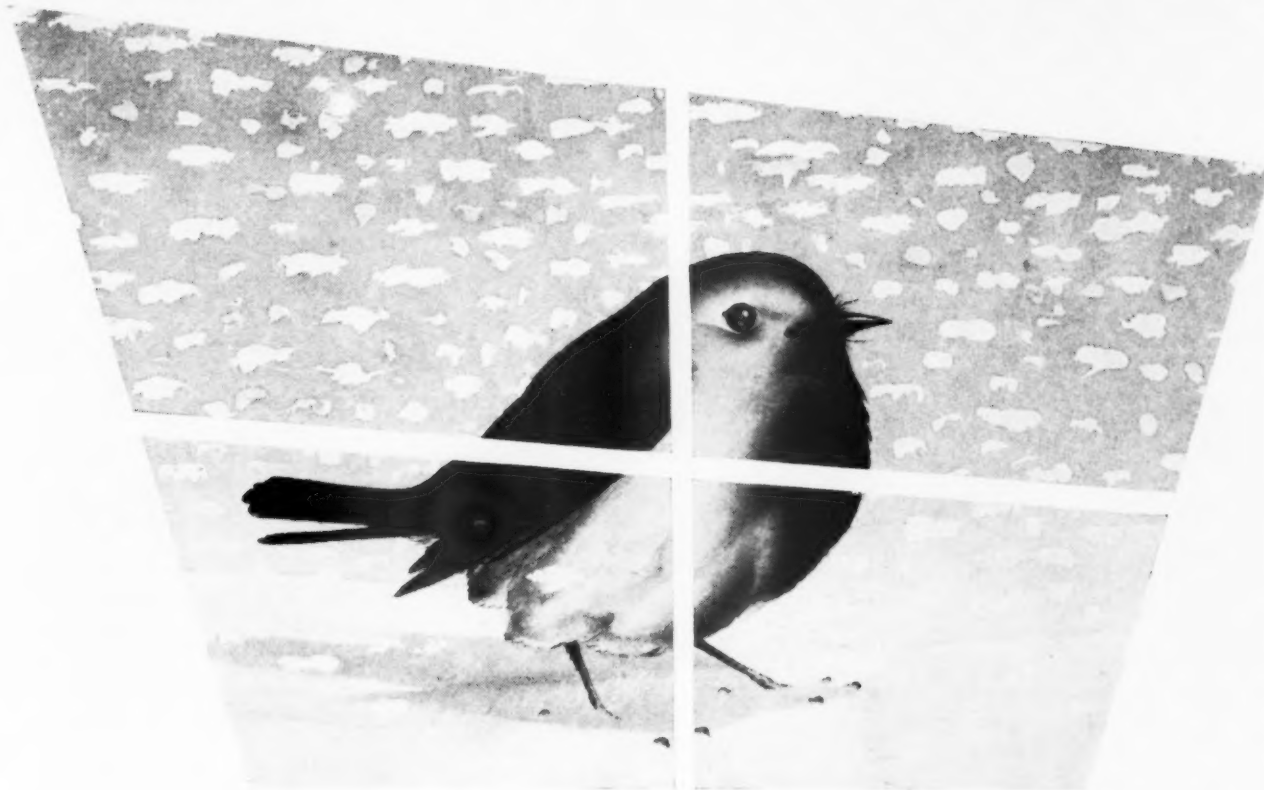
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